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Vol. CCII, No. 2641
SEPTEMBER 23, 1950

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Volume CCII No. 2641 The SPHERE, London, September 23, 1950

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND HER FAMILY ON THE "ABERDONIAN"—HOLDING HER MONTH-OLD DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ANNE, AND ACCOMPANIED BY PRINCE CHARLES, PRINCESS ELIZABETH STANDS IN THE CARRIAGE DOORWAY JUST BEFORE LEAVING KING'S CROSS: After an all-night journey they joined the King and Queen at Balmoral. This was Princess Anne's first public appearance, and it was the first time Princess Elizabeth had left Clarence House since the birth of her daughter

A considerable crowd waited in the forecourt of King's Cross Station and there was another crowd near No. 10 platform when Princess Elizabeth arrived with Prince Charles and Princess Anne to join the Royal coaches attached to the 6.45 train for Scotland. At the coach door the Princess stood for a moment with Princess Anne and Prince Charles, and she pulled down the shawl in order to give everyone a glimpse of her daughter's face. The Royal party travelled in special coaches attached to the *Aberdonian*, the sleeping-coach, which was made for the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales, having a bedroom and sitting-room. For Prince Charles the sleeper was provided with a special safety bar. Princess Anne slept throughout the journey in a white cot draped with lace.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY BEGINS ITS NEW SESSION—DR. FISHER ADDRESSES THE HOUSE OF BISHOPS AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: The autumn session of Convocation marks the reassembly of the bishops after the formation of a new secular Parliament. Before beginning the general business on the agenda, the Archbishop read a message from the King which stated: "It is gratifying to me to learn that the Church is fully conscious of its responsibilities to my people at home in the anxious times through which we are passing." Dr. Fisher, in the course of his own address to the bishops of the Southern Province, attacked the tyranny of atheistic and imperialistic Communism, and then referred to the Pope's announcement that the Corporal Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary is to be made an article of faith for Roman Catholics. Dr. Fisher criticised the forthcoming dogma, which is to be made on November 1 (All Saints' Day), for its possibility of hindering the reunion of Christendom at this time. Among subjects discussed by the bishops were amendments to Canon Law which included the choice of the day for the Consecration of Bishops, the remarriage question, and the position of illegitimacy as a bar to admission to Holy Orders

A Lodge in the Wilderness.

— Life under more primitive conditions in the Highlands may be compared with the news in a Scottish popular daily. It is sunshine and shadow, very bright or very dark. The paper's news is sharply contrasted of depressions and sunshine. One half is devoted to photographs and reports of the Queen receiving bouquets at Edinburgh from pretty infants, all smiles and sanity, roses and rapture. The rest is horrors, Korea, train disasters, drownings, accidents in every element, crime and (of course) football. So in the wilderness, the sun shines, the heather is purple, the rivers and burns glint in the sun, and it is possible to be very happy and serious planning campaigns against grouse, salmon and trout, and keeping accurate records of "business done." But when the mist comes down on the hill and blots the landscape out and the rain gurgles in the gutters and it is a soaking journey to the outhouse to replenish the peats, then the state of the world fills one's mind with pain and sheer horror, for every redeeming feature seems to be blotted out. Who will show us any good? Where can we turn for comfort, guidance, help, hope? The war in Korea is a powder magazine in which the sparks fly and our schoolboy sons are now in the thick of the fighting there. That thought, that fact, obsesses me. Two months ago it would have been unthinkable. But there it is, these boys are our "last reserves" at the moment, thrown in in a desperate battle, exactly as the Nazi children were thrown in in the last weeks of the war in 1944—in defence of *their* country. They are thrown in in a remote jungle country which six months ago they could not have quickly found on a map, semi-trained perhaps for peaceful garrison duty, fighting a curiously oblique and desperate war to defend the last corner of a barbarous, Far Eastern peninsula.

The Triumph of Bedlam.—

The nightmare insanity of this world of ours has been with us so long that we can hardly remember a time when we believed in the triumph of sense, let alone of goodness; when we had still some respect for statesmanship and diplomacy. For more than a generation, thirty years, we have had to accept the hideous truth that the combined wisdom and statesmanship of the civilised world is quite powerless to hold in check the megalomania of a single man or a tiny clique in one country. Three wars, for to-day there is world war, have in a brief generation been planned and kept going by a single evil mind or a handful of individuals, to the utter destruction of the hopes and wealth and happiness of mankind. And that 1,000,000,000-to-1 chance is an assured winner. Western statesmanship has shrunk to a little measure, its chief figures twitch and jump this way and that like tiny marionettes on uncontrolled strings. The massed resources of the civilised and peace-loving world, in brains, in treasure and in manpower, are absolutely powerless to prevent mass-misery decreed by a single individual. All they can do is at long last to punish the aggressor, burying him in the common ruin of civilisation. It has been proved twice in as many decades, and a third proof is on the way. Our Western pattern of democracy is no match for single-minded aggressors. It is the case of the sheep and the wolf. It has been tested for prevision, for co-operation, for concerted action, for united purpose, for sacrifice of self in a common cause, and it has failed badly. There are grounds for a little pessimism, when the gutters gurgle and the wind shrieks in the wilderness.

The Dilemma.

— We have spoken of "the throwing in of our last reserves" in Korea. For such indeed at the moment are our semi-trained, under-twenty conscripts. These boys are sent in because we have no other troops to complete our fractional contribution to the fighting strength required to hold on in Korea, where already American casualties approach five figures. Korea is a small place, a mere "incident" when one lists other possible and probable scenes of conflict all over the world, leading up to the defence of Europe, the assembly of a thin red line to check the Russian advance to the Channel ports. It may never come, it may not come for two or three years. At least we know that at last the leaders in the West are threshing out their plans on the basis that the possibility is a probability. That brings out the first of our own dilemmas. If we are to persuade the French to make one more effort to train and equip a large number of divisions to take the chief strain of that defence (and to hearten its own war-weary population), *we* must contribute to the land force something more than one division fully armoured in Germany (as at present). It is not enough to promise air and sea support. It is unlikely to be enough if we could guarantee to treble our contribution. Yet certainly unless we do so, neither could we persuade America to do the same. America in announcing her plan to contribute, has made that clear. And unless Britain and the United States do something of that sort, the defence of the West and France's contribution will long remain the paper plan which it is to-day. And where are our divisions to come from? How long will it take to obtain results from Mr. Attlee's defence measures?

The Faith that Moves Mountains.—

And (at the moment) where is that faith (without which mountains cannot be moved) that if we did produce in a year or two (out of an old top hat) two more efficiently equipped divisions for Germany, that they would be supported by all the allies round them and behind them, and not be left at the zero hour to stage another Dunkirk? Politically, with reservations, we clearly support and lead in Western European Union. Militarily, when it comes to squeezing out another 51st Division or two, we remember Dunkirk and press for guarantees. And that is what the French do. The dilemmas crowd in on the Allies, and every one of them must be resolved by an expenditure of time which is in short supply. And, of course, at any minute, East or West, some other aggression is liable to break out which must postpone again and make nonsense of Western European defence. Two years, the pundits say, we may have to play with. Ten years would not be too long for the solution of these dilemmas. It is not surprising that so much time has been wasted in hoping for a change of heart in Russia.

What, No Soap?

— In February, 1942, our supplies of soap were so limited as to require rationing for fair shares. Now, after eight-and-a-half years, soap, like Hope, is free. If you can get it, you may use as much soap as you wish. You can wallow in a foam bath. As for hope, it has never been subject to restriction or tax. You could always wallow in it, if you could find it, and still you can do so. When soap rationing was introduced, I did not take the matter seriously. One could do with very little soap, I thought. But in truth soap is hardly less important to Western civilisation than is salt to the people of Tibet. Soap shortage proved very unpleasant to those who had least of it. Dirty hands may not matter much, but hands starved of oil develop cracks and sores. I do not recollect that I ever felt the shortage, but then I remember with gratitude once more a good friend in Eire, and two more "down under," who constantly kept me supplied with wonderful soaps, the like of which I had not seen nor used since Hitler began to do his worst. Whether this latest derationing will make us a cleaner nation, only time can prove. I have noticed no great deterioration in personal cleanliness in the last decade. Soap for the body is one thing. Soap for the mind another. The latter was never rationed, and might be more generously used. I sometimes think that we are rather grubby-minded, if not dirty-minded, as a race to-day. But I write these lines on a Sunday after glancing through some popular Sunday newspapers and their headlines.

Grouse Problems.—

A frivolous problem, no doubt, to air among our graver problems. But at least it is one created by innocent birds and not by guilty or foolish men. That the grouse are returning to moors, for many years practically deserted, is now certain. The early bags, the first tests, make it clear. At the end of this season there should be left on many a famous moor, on which no driving has been done for a dozen years, a stock of birds which, if no weather disaster occur, should ensure a really bumper year in 1951, as long prophesied by the ancient hierarchy of Highland seers. And then will come big problems for the landowner and tenant. For the landlord there are the problems of repair to lodges, tracks, butts, drains and outhouses, and of equipment for the hill of all kinds. For the shooter the cost of killing even 3,000 brace of grouse in a season is a daunting calculation. The cartridges needed for the job, even by experienced guns, would be but a lesser item of £300 or so. The wages of beaters, if they could be found after the end of school holidays, could hardly be less than £1,000, even with a thin line, say thirty instead of a pre-war forty-five. Not to mention ponies, dogs and keepers, the rent, the cars, the victualling and the railway fares. And, of course, the more abundant the grouse, the lower would be the wholesale price obtained for the bags. Certainly no man could do justice to even a moderate-sized moor in a bumper year "out of income." He would have to find a substantial number of thousands of pounds out of capital and to make many of his essential bricks without straw.

Salmon Fishing.

— The art is not in me. I have not the faith or the patience or the knowledge of the salmon's mind. It is over forty years since I last landed a salmon, and always my brief efforts are made in the Findhorn in August or September, months which are not the Findhorn's best. It is an odd river. It rises and falls nowadays more swiftly than ever, famous as its gorges have always been for swift spates. A 2-ft. rise on the gauge will fall away in an hour or two, and a rise may come in a clear sky as a result of a shower at the source. Days go by when no fish will so much as stir at sight of a fly (or minnow). And then, suddenly, and not when the height of the water seems mathematically *right*, the fish go for the fly bald-headed. I record one such day yesterday, when fine fish were caught and all our beginners gained experience, and one small boy, fishing for the first time, achieved a landmark-day in his young life when he landed a 23-lb. salmon after a titanic struggle lasting a quarter-hour. Was he excited? If so, he didn't show it. Modern boys know how to control their emotions. It was not so with me when I landed my first fish in the Findhorn when Edward VII reigned.

THE OLD STAGER

The HOME FLEET LEAVES for the MEDITERRANEAN

The Start of the Autumn Cruise

SPEARHEAD OF THE FLEET: H.M.S. *Indefatigable*, 23,000-ton carrier of the Home Fleet, seen from the air as she sailed down-Channel. *Indefatigable* has been taking part in the early manœuvres en route to the Mediterranean, but her call at Gibraltar had to be postponed because five of her ratings were in hospital at Weymouth suffering from infantile paralysis

H.M.S. "VANGUARD" LEADS THE HOME FLEET DOWN-CHANNEL: The *Vanguard*, Britain's newest and largest battleship, operates largely in an anti-aircraft role, and it is essentially her task to defend the carriers, the spearheads of the Fleet. Admiral Sir Philip Vian, the C.-in-C. of the Home Fleet, wears his flag in *Vanguard*

THE CRUISER "SWIFTSURE" HEADS SOUTH FOR THE SUNSHINE: The 8,000-ton vessel seen as she set out with other units of the Home Fleet on the autumn cruise which started with a series of training manœuvres in the Channel and in the Atlantic, and will be followed by further manœuvres in Mediterranean waters in conjunction with ships of the Mediterranean Fleet. The exercises are in part designed to give young servicemen an insight into conditions they would encounter on active service. The *Swiftsure*, which was begun in 1941 and completed in 1944, carries a main armament of nine 6-in. guns. She has six 21-in. torpedo tubes

The Autumn Cruise of the Home Fleet is now under way, but before the ships left Portland last week things certainly did not go according to plan. The outbreak of infantile paralysis aboard the 23,000-ton carrier *Indefatigable* made it necessary to postpone her visit to Gibraltar, although she did take part in the preliminary exercises in the Atlantic. The light fleet carrier *Vengeance*, which was eventually able to sail from Portsmouth on schedule and to meet the Home Fleet sailing from Portland, was also in the news, sand having been found in the main machinery. Sabotage was at once suspected. An Admiralty official later declared: "A small quantity of sand was found in the lubricating system of the carrier's main machinery. It was detected in the filter arrangements. This may have been due to an accident, but investigations are being made in case the origin was deliberate. The ship's programme has not been affected."

The GLAMIS WEDDING

The Marriage of Prince Georg of Denmark and Viscountess Anson, the Queen's Niece

AFTER THE ROYAL WEDDING IN THE CHAPEL AT GLAMIS CASTLE : Relatives and friends waving from the castle steps as Prince Georg of Denmark and his bride, Viscountess Anson, niece of the Queen, left for their honeymoon. There was a surprise announcement two days before the wedding when it became known that Canon Rorison, Chaplain to the Earl of Strathmore, would not be allowed to officiate, nor would any other minister of the Episcopal Church in Scotland or of the Church of England. The ceremony was conducted by a Danish priest

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVE FOR THEIR HONEYMOON : Showers of confetti and rose petals descend on Prince Georg and his bride as they leave Glamis. Prince Georg is Acting Military Attache to the Danish Embassy in London

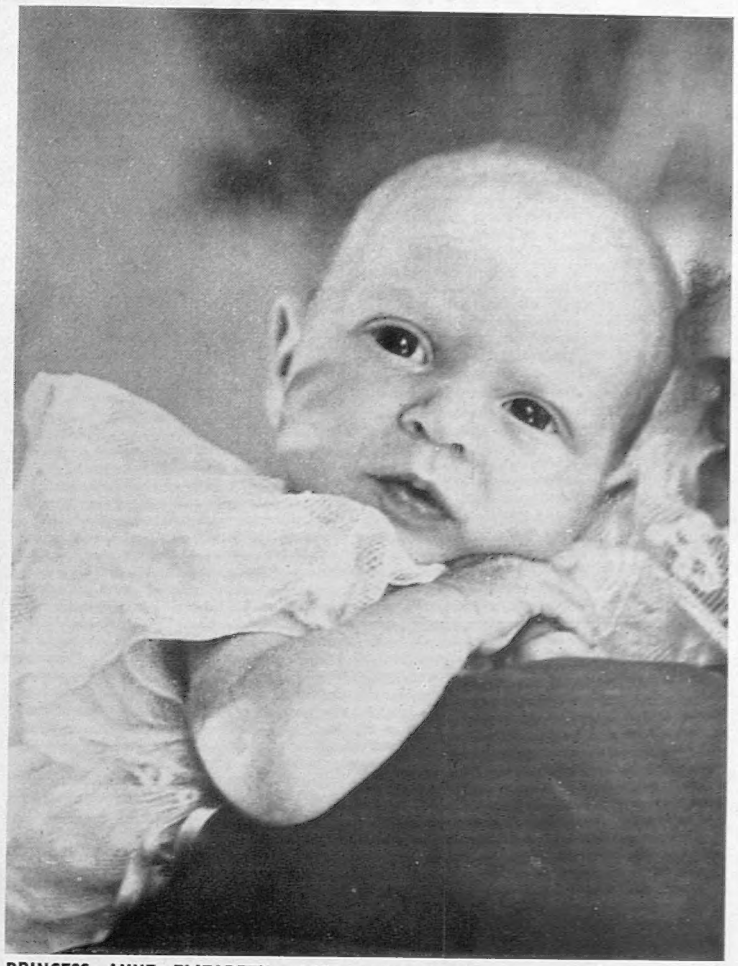
PRINCE AND PRINCESS GEORG OF DENMARK : The bride and bridegroom after their marriage at Glamis Castle. Prince Georg is the son of Prince and Princess Axel of Denmark, who were present at the marriage. The guests included the Crown Prince of Norway, and Princess Raghnild and Princess Astrid of Norway

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET AMONG THE GUESTS : They motored from Balmoral to Glamis Castle to attend the family luncheon party which followed the marriage. The Queen was not in the chapel during the service, but was on the steps to see the bride and bridegroom depart on their honeymoon

PRINCESS ANNE— THE FIRST PICTURES

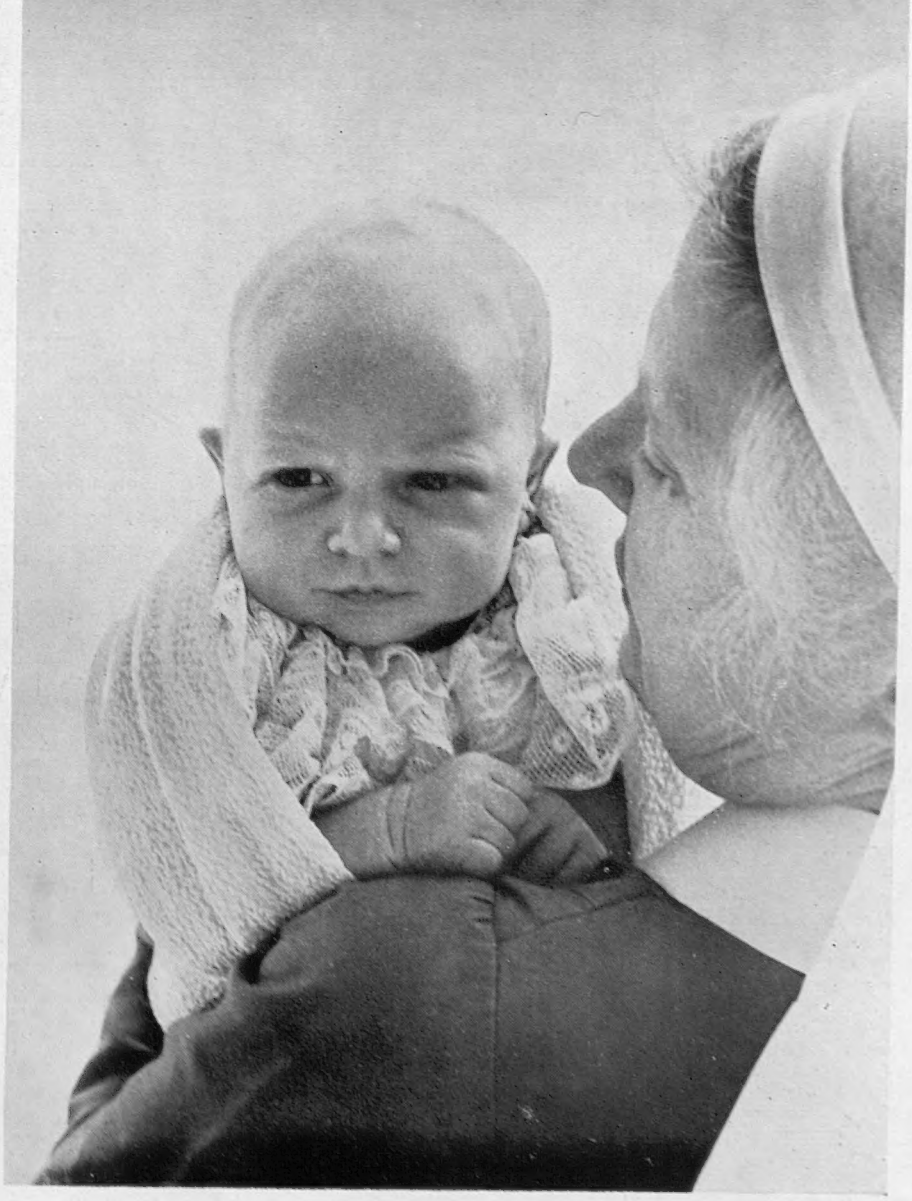
Princess Elizabeth and her Month-old Daughter

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: Princess Elizabeth holding Princess Anne in her arms. The Princess, her blue eyes half-closed, rests on a frilly cushion



PRINCESS ANNE ELIZABETH ALICE LOUISE: This was one of the first pictures to be taken of the month-old daughter of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. All the pictures on this page were taken at Clarence House before the Princess's departure for Balmoral, where the Royal Family are now spending a holiday

PRINCE CHARLES STEALS A BROTHERLY KISS: The Prince bending over Princess Anne's cot to salute his baby sister. *On right*—The Princess in the arms of Sister Helen Rowe, the nurse-in-charge of the Royal baby

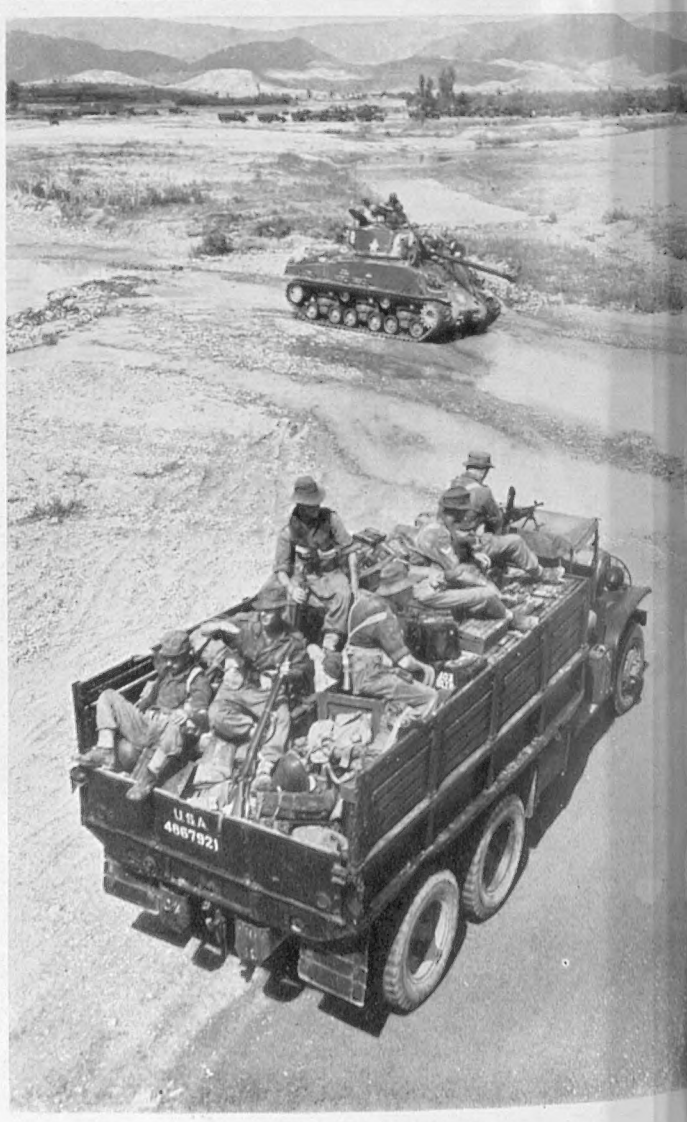


THE BATTLEFIELD TO THE SOUTH OF POHANG : This aerial view, taken from an artillery spotter plane of the United Nations forces, shows villages set on fire by American artillery in the country round Kyonju. Since this picture was taken last week the U.N. forces have turned to the offensive, and advances have been made in many parts of the line, backing up the landings by the amphibious forces at Inchon and elsewhere on the Korean coastline. Seldom in the history of modern war, indeed, has a position changed so rapidly as it has in South Korea during recent days

WITH THE BRITISH FORCES ON THE NAKTONG : Private Adam Maxwell holds out his cup for Sergeant Murray to fill during a lull in operations. Last week-end it was reported that the British forces were playing a full part in the offensive

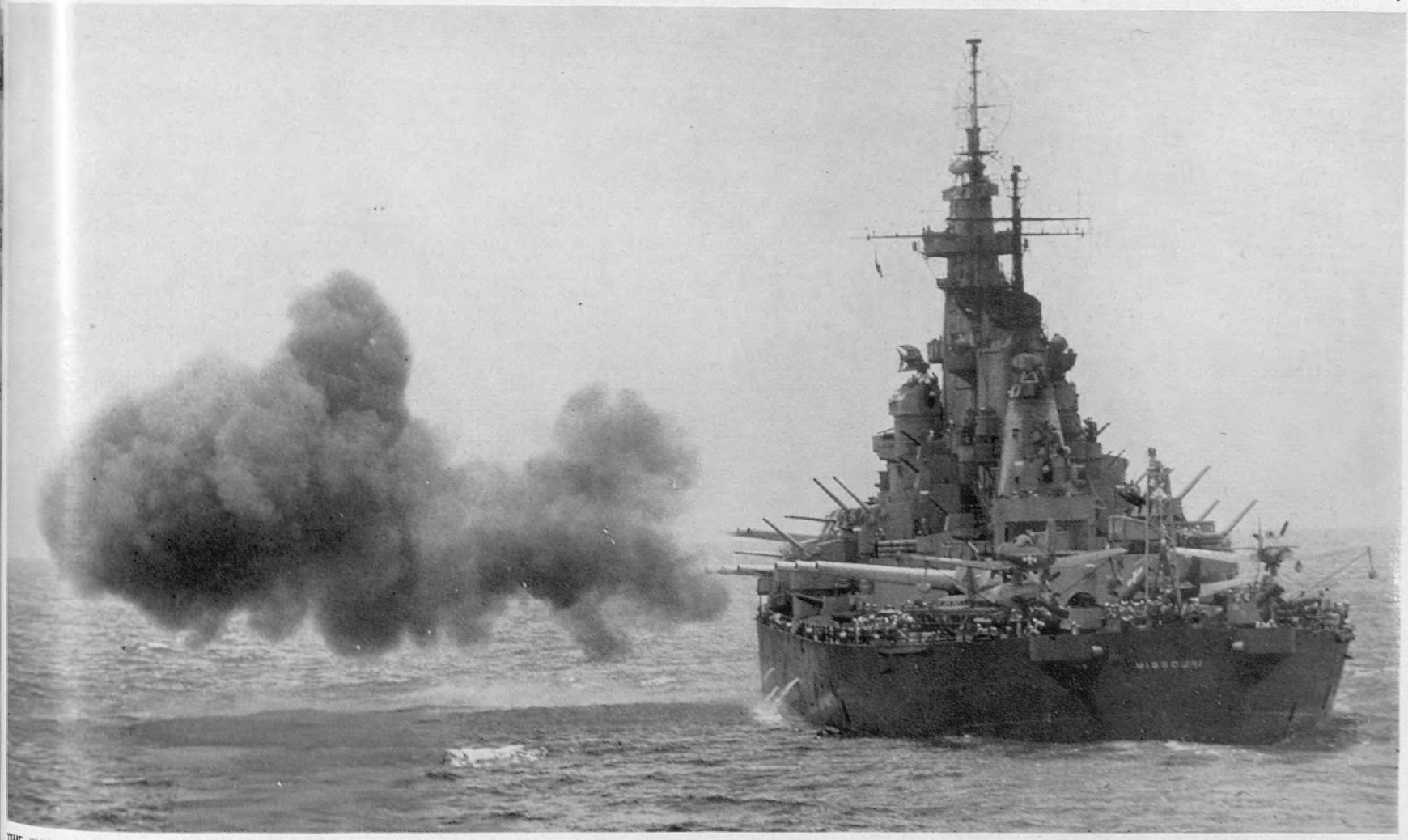
CLEANING UP AFTER A PATROL : Private Sydney Postons, who comes from Birmingham, and Private Lynch, of Paisley, cleaning their rifles in the shadow of one of their vehicles

The Latest NEWS PICTURES from KOREA



On right—BRITISH TROOPS OF THE 1ST MIDDLESEX REGIMENT MOVE UP TOWARDS THE FRONT LINE : The men are seen travelling with ammunition and stores across the low-lying country round the Naktong River, where they went into the front line within a short while of their arrival in Korea

THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS WELCOMED BY A PIPE BAND: The men of the 1st Argylls disembarked from H.M.S. *Ceylon* at Pusan, where they received a great reception. The aircraft-carrier *Unicorn*, carrying brigade headquarters and the Middlesex battalion, berthed first, followed by H.M.S. *Ceylon*, carrying the 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in jungle battledress. The British troops received an ovation from cheering Americans and South Koreans, and were not only greeted by pipe bands but brass bands, women's choirs and flowers. Brigadier Coad, who commands the British force in Korea, was on the quay to meet the troops



THE "MIGHTY MO" HAS GONE INTO ACTION ON THE KOREAN COAST: The giant American battleship, which very nearly became a total loss earlier in the year when she went aground, seen firing a broadside. Last week her 16-in. guns fired against the Communist-held port of Samchok. The battleship had made an 11,000-mile dash to the battle area from Norfolk, Virginia. Some of the British warships which have been participating in the fighting are depicted on pages 422 and 423 of this issue

THEY ARE THEIR OWN EXECUTIONERS

Liquidation Within the Grimly Revolving Wheels of Stalinism

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE assassination on his own doorstep of the Belgian Communist leader, Julien Lahaut, was followed by an immediate, fierce and vehement call for revenge, which the victim was himself said to have first mouthed with his dying breath.

While it is extremely doubtful if anyone really dies with a melodramatic cry of "*Vengez moi!*" on lips twisted in pain, the Brussels Politburo lost no time in accusing the Christian Socialist Party of having instigated the crime. They even added with sinister inflection that "one man" would pay for it, and set to ranting about a return to "Fascist and Hitlerite methods."

Why bring this up at this relatively late day? Because worse was to follow in the way of completely irresponsible charges. Cominform radio and journalistic sources calmly informed all who might care to listen, and drummed into their own "people's democracies," that Truman and Churchill had been at the root of Lahaut's murder.

In point of fact, the grimly revolving wheels of Stalinism could quite well have accounted for the liquidation of Lahaut either because of unreliability (the dead man had been criticised for lack of enthusiasm), or so as to keep the Belgian revolutionary fervour of the moment from dying down.

No one suggested any such thing. Nor do I now suggest it. But I do wonder why the Western democracies failed to squash the Truman-Churchill accusation as they could have done if, as we hear, a great battle for truth has been launched.

In the instance on hand—Lahaut's end—some remarkable ammunition could have been fingered.

One wonders if the Stalinists have ever paused to reflect on the really surprising degree of immunity from assassination that their leaders have enjoyed—not for a year, not for five years, but for thirty years and more? Considering how these Red leaders have not ceased to taunt and exasperate their political and ideological opponents, and to assail, bedevil and menace the lives and liberties of countless millions of people.

Red leaders have fallen by scores, it is true. Yet the executions, killings, purges, legal murders, call them what you will, have not been the work of political or ideological opponents, but of Communism itself. These men have been their own executioners in 95 per cent. of cases at least, acting either through the grisly farce of "trials" preceded by confessions, or by direct action.

As in respect of a Trotsky, behind whose head in a far-off Mexican workroom there rose the hand of Ogpu agent van der Dreschd, clasping a small pickaxe. Bronstein (Trotsky) was Stalin's *bête noir*. But the same fate could befall the latter's white-headed boy—Sergei Kirov—without it being possible to charge political opponents with the crime, let alone foreign ones.

The brilliant young Leningrad leader whom Stalin was grooming for the succession to himself was shot in 1934 by a former Soviet official with a grievance; when the murderer's end was made the occasion for liquidating thirteen others whose "guilt" was said at the time to have consisted mainly of a known lukewarmness towards Stalin.

Which reminds me of a picture I recently saw, showing the 38 leading Bolsheviks grouped round Lenin in 1917, with the appended statement that only two of them were still living. How many were liquidated by their own comrades, one has no means of knowing.

By contrast, what Communist leaders have lost their lives other than at the hands of "comrades" since the end of the First World War nearly thirty-two years ago, when Communism may be said to have started on its career of world conquest and class extermination?

By the records, the list is an amazingly short one, containing but five names (not counting the doubtful Lahaut).

The German Communist leaders, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg, were shot down in the streets of Berlin, in 1919, while trying to escape from an infuriated crowd. Later in the same year the Bavarian Communist Premier, Kurt Eisner, was assassinated in Munich after he had set afoot a reign of terror akin to that of Bela Kun's over in Budapest.

Vaslov Vorovsky, Soviet Minister at Rome, was shot at Lausanne, in 1923, by a Russian ex-Army officer named Contradi; and what a to-do there was about that! International tension, breaking off of relations with Switzerland, random accusations against Poincaré, Curzon and Mussolini, who had been using Lausanne as conference centre.

The list closes with the shooting by a Russian monarchist, in Warsaw, in 1927, of the Soviet Minister to Poland, Peter Volkoff.

No one seems to know exactly what happened to Thaelmann, Liebknecht's successor, who vanished during the recent war, or prior to it.

I dare say this list is not complete, gone as I have done to long-standing records of political assassination. But even if it is incomplete, bearing in mind how Red leaders have criss-crossed Europe and the world year after year, in all liberty, staying at "capitalist" hotels, eating at fine restaurants, using international sleeping-cars, while all the time conspiring to promote a collision whose potential horrors are recognised far and wide . . . considering all this, the foregoing list shows that the non-Communist world does not believe in assassination as a means of combating Stalinism.

Realising what might have happened in Italy had Togliatti died from his wounds, the non-Communist world ardently hoped that the wounded Red leader might recover. And when the French Stalinist leader, Thorez, took unto himself an armour-plated limousine, it was no less ardently hoped by his opponents that the car might prove up to the mark, if ever tested. In fact, assassination as a political weapon solves nothing, packs in hatred, and only describes the vicious circle of an eye for an eye. The West knows it well.

If the Reds still doubt how lightly they have got off, let them turn to the pattern of political assassination since 1914. They will find that misguided men have struck again and again with this weapon in spheres other than Red.

The 1914 war was ushered in by two political murders—of the Archduke Franz-Ferdinand, and the French Socialist idol, Jean Jaurès (shot in a Paris café on war's eve by a man of weak intellect, who thought Jaurès might interfere with mobilisation). Two further murders brought the curtain down on that war—of Count Tisza, Hungarian Premier, and von Mirbach, German Minister in Moscow.

During the '20's a run of murder in the Balkans brought the deaths of Bulgaria's Stamboulisky, of Rumanian Premiers Calinescu and Duca, of several leading members of a Greek Government on a single occasion, of Croat leaders Stephen and Paul Raditch, of Albania's Essad Pasha.

Erzberger and Rathenau were murdered in Germany; the first for signing the 1918 Armistice; the second for wanting a rapprochement with the then victors, specifically with Chicherin's Bolsheviks at the Genoa Conference. But no one touched any of the Bolsheviks—either then or at any other of the many conferences they have attended (with the solitary exception of Vorovsky's death at Lausanne).

Another German political murder of the first magnitude was that of Socialist leader Haase. And let us see what was happening in other latitudes at approximately the same time:

Spain's Prime Minister, Dato, was assassinated; likewise Poland's President Narutowicz, whose removal signalled the go-ahead to Pilsudski's dictatorship. And Mussolini rounded his most difficult corner by having the Socialist leader, Matteoti, killed and buried when he was on the point of revealing Fascist embezzlement which must have sunk the regime.

And Hitler had Dolfuss assassinated in Vienna a few weeks after he had done the same in respect of Prussian Vice-Premier Schleicher, in Berlin.

Even Britain and America became involved. Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson was shot in London, and the Sirdar, Sir Lee Stack, and Lord Moyne, Resident in the Middle East, in Cairo. Vice-President O'Higgins, of the then Irish Free State, was assassinated in Dublin. The buccaneering Louisiana "Kingfish," Huey Long, and Mayor Cermak, of Chicago, fell to assassin's bullets in the United States (the Cermak bullet having been intended for President Roosevelt).

And, meanwhile, what wasn't happening in South and Central America! On my list are the names of six Presidents or Premiers to die at the hands of political assassins. Only Japan vied in pre-war days with such assassination upon high. The Japanese appear to have murdered a round dozen leading Ministers. To-day South-East Asia seems to be moving in the same direction, judging by crimes in Burma, Sarawak and Siam.

India witnessed the biggest political murder of all—that of Gandhi.

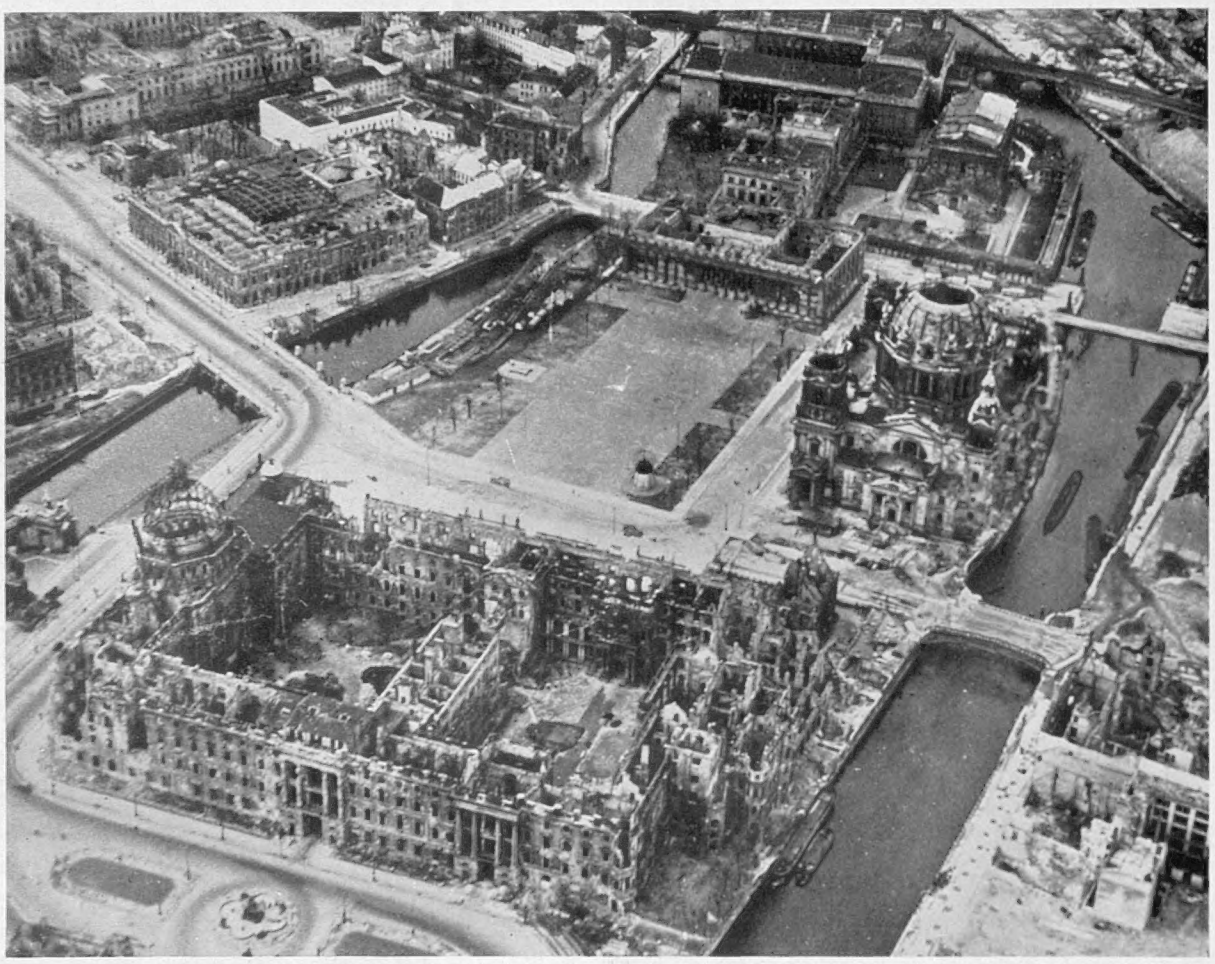
Cairo is never rid of assassins, and two leading Egyptian statesmen to pay the cost have been Premier Ahmed Maher (for declaring war on Germany and Japan), and Premier Nokratchy Pasha. Syria saw its pro-French bid wiped out with the murder of Prime Minister Zaim in dramatically unpleasant circumstances.

And note what supervenes when two powerful characters set about building an eastern rampart against the fast developing Axis. King Alexander and Foreign Minister Barthou are murdered in Marseilles, and that dream of the West standing up to the East is dissolved overnight. (Russia was eventually to profit every bit as much as did Nazi Germany at the time.)

A little earlier, President Doumer, engaged on the routine business of his office, had been shot by a drink-crazed Russian in Paris.

The assassination of the Spanish Royalist leader, Sotelo, ignited the Spanish Civil War; that of Hitler's Viceroy in Prague, Heydrich, provoked the massacre of Lidice, which was to have repercussions in every corner of the world. Other decisive political assassinations of the recent war period were those of Darlan; of Vichy Minister of Propaganda Henriot; and of the big Mandel. Each of the two last was, literally, taken for a ride, tit for tat.

Many other names might be added, and conclusions drawn. Political assassination still goes on round the world. The last major murder before that of Julien Lahaut was the peculiarly abominable killing of Count Bernadotte. But perhaps the point has been made that the Stalinists have less to complain about than most other political causes.



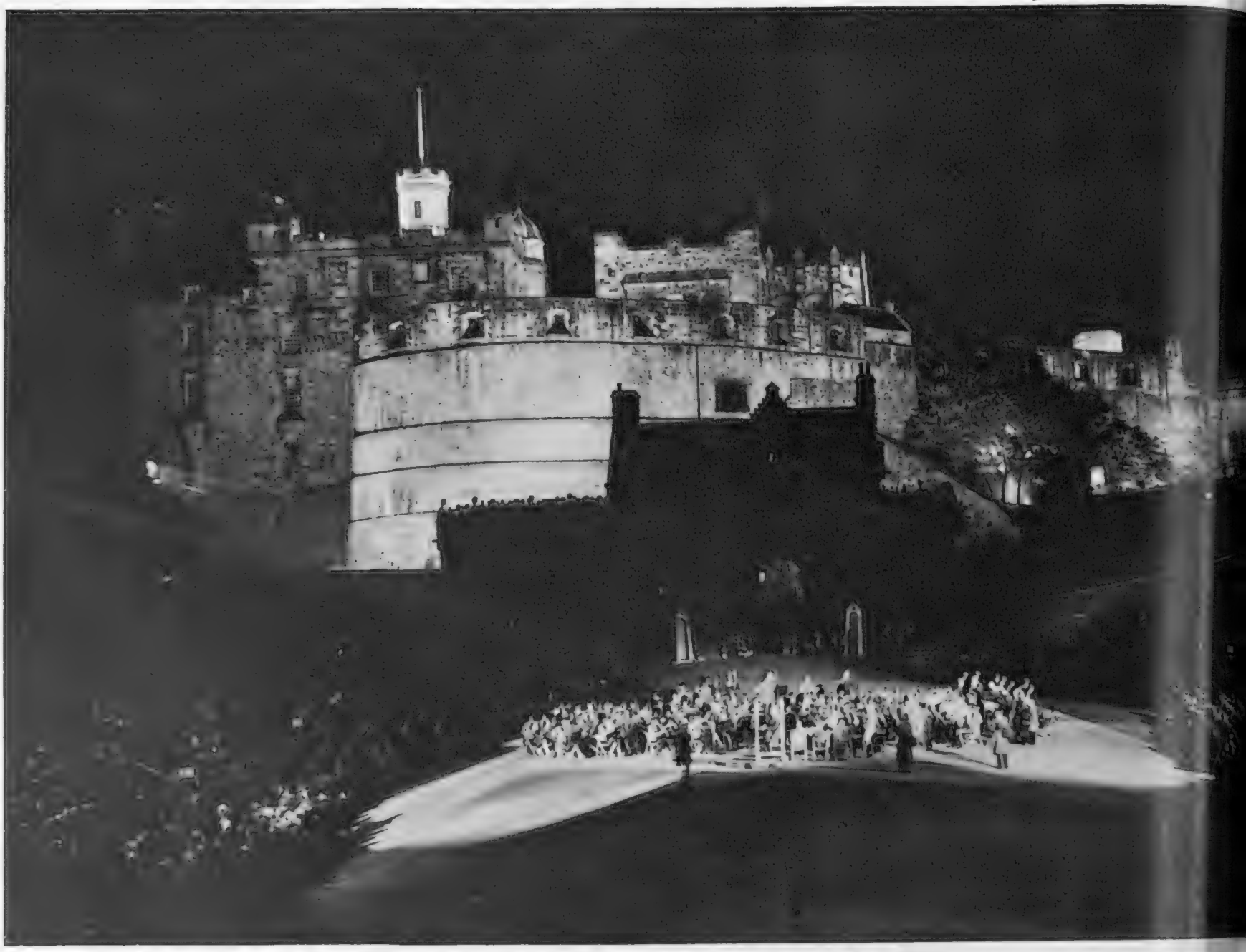
THIS WILL BE THE FOCAL POINT OF EAST BERLIN—THE AREA OF THE WAR-SCARRED ROYAL CASTLE IN THE RUSSIAN SECTOR OF THE CITY, WHICH IS BEING DEMOLISHED TO MAKE ROOM FOR A GIGANTIC SQUARE IN WHICH PUBLIC MEETINGS AND DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE COMMUNIST REGIME WILL TAKE PLACE: The Royal Castle, former home of Wilhelm II, is in the foreground and behind it on the right are the ruins of the Berlin Dome. Beyond the Dome in the background on the right are the ruins of the National Gallery, which was built in the '60's and '70's of the last century in the form of a Corinthian temple. The Royal Palace, in the form of a rectangle, stands on the site of a castle erected by Elector Fredrick II in 1443-51. It was extensively altered and added to in the eighteenth century under King Fredrick I, but part of the first building remains

THREE-POWER TALKS IN NEW YORK

Mr. Bevin, Mr. Acheson, and M. Schuman at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel

THE BIG THREE FOREIGN MINISTERS AND THEIR CLOSE ADVISERS SIT AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL: They met behind closed doors to plan a new defence programme for Western Europe with powerful American support. At the head of the table sat the United States Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, with M. Schuman in the centre of the table on the left and Mr. Bevin in the centre of the table on the right. Mr. Acheson had on his right hand the U.S. Ambassador-at-Large, Mr. Phillip Jessup. On the extreme left is M. Henri Bonnet, the French Ambassador. Sir Oliver Franks, the British Ambassador in Washington, sat next to Mr. Bevin

Below—THE BIG THREE IN PRIVATE CONCLAVE: Mr. Bevin, Mr. Acheson and M. Schuman together in a private room at the Waldorf-Astoria



THE BRILLIANT END OF THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL—THE CASTLE GUNS ACCOMPANYING HANDEL'S MUSIC IN A CRESCENDO OF SOUND : This was the scene on the Castle Esplanade as Sir Thomas Beecham conducted the official closing ceremony, a rendering of Handel's Music for the Royal Fireworks. A crowd of over 5,000 seated on the Castle Esplanade heard the massed bands of the Royal Scots Greys, the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, the Royal Scots and the Highland Light Infantry. With the last movement Sir Thomas and his collaborators provided a magnificent crescendo effect. It began with the steady pounding of guns firing single rounds, apparently on the north side of the Castle, making a grand accompaniment to Handel's composition. The noise grew in volume and the last loud notes of music were accompanied by a salvo from 25-pounders firing from the Half Moon Battery

THE END OF THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

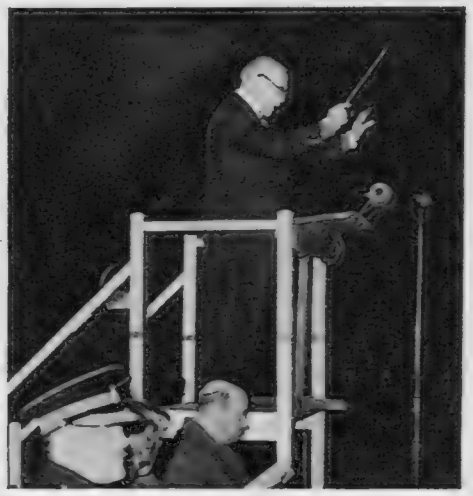
Closing Scenes in the Scottish Capital

PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE ABOYNE BALL

FIREWORKS ALSO PLAYED THEIR PART IN THE GRAND FINALE OF LIGHT AND SOUND WHICH EMANATED FROM THE CASTLE ESPLANADE : *Left*—A spectacular display above the floodlit castle buildings. *Right*—Instrumentalists from many regiments came together under the baton of Sir Thomas Beecham, who conducted Handel's Music for the Royal Fireworks. One commentator on the closing scenes declared : "There was Sir Thomas Beecham, a large band bursting with brass instruments, and dozens of god-like figures with head-dresses quite as imposing as those of Wotan and his young men. The fireworks threw over the Castle and the Rock for a few moments the most romantic light

THE FLOODLIT CITY OF EDINBURGH ON THE LAST NIGHT OF THE FESTIVAL: On the left is the spire of St. Giles' Cathedral and on the heights in the far distance is the Castle, where the grand finale took place. Thousands of people flocked into the centre of Edinburgh from towns in Central Scotland to watch the close of the Festival, the climax of three weeks of magnificent entertainment

THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY SINGERS AT THE FREEMASON'S HALL: The performance of the University Singers has led more than one music-lover to ask why has Edinburgh no orchestra of its own, and it is urged that before next year an effort should be made to form such an orchestra. Dr. W. J. Pickerill, former musical director at Cape Town, is particularly enthusiastic about this idea of a permanent orchestra



SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, DOYEN OF BRITISH CONDUCTORS: To him fell the honour of bringing the Festival to a conclusion with the performance on the Castle Esplanade. During the Festival, Sir Thomas was guest conductor of the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Francaise

VICTOR DE SABATA CONDUCTS THE ORCHESTRA OF THE SCALA, MILAN: The celebrated conductor at the Usher Hall, Edinburgh, where he appeared before coming to London for the season at Covent Garden. The Milan Company's performance of Verdi's *Requiem* came up to the highest expectations, and the conducting of Guido Cantelli proved to be of the same remarkable order as that of Sabata

PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE ABOYNE BALL: *Left*—The Princess dancing with her cousin, the Master of Elphinstone. *Right*—The Princess dancing a foxtrot with Lieutenant A. N. Campbell-Harris, R.N. The Aboyne Ball marked the end of a strenuous week for Princess Margaret, a week which included a three-day visit to the Edinburgh Festival with the Queen, a flight from Edinburgh to Aberdeen and attendance at the Braemar Gathering in the afternoon. As usual, the emphasis at the Aboyne Ball was in the Highland note. Heather, rowans and tartan were used in the decoration of Aboyne's Victory Hall, and reels occurred frequently in the programme. Before the Ball, Princess Margaret and the Master of Elphinstone motored from Balmoral to Crathes, where they dined with Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys

A FOREIGN NEWS SURVEY

AMERICA'S NEW NAVAL HOSPITAL TO BE COMPLETED AHEAD OF SCHEDULE : This aerial view shows the partly completed hospital at St. Albans, Long Island, which is being built at a cost of 14,000,000 dollars and should be ready by January 1951, three months before the contracted time. The hospital includes a six-storey administration building, six three-storey ward buildings, and a two-storey subsistence building. Among the facilities for patients are special conduits for television, a complete bedside radio system, air-conditioning throughout, and special terrazzo floors which eliminate static electricity. Original plans for the hospital were made before America entered the Second World War, and it takes the place of the Old Brooklyn Naval Hospital, which was built in 1831 and was dis-established two years ago

VISHINSKY IN PARIS : The Soviet Foreign Minister being greeted on arrival at Orly Airfield by the Soviet Ambassador, Alexander Pavlov. Mr. Vishinsky was en route to the United Nations Assembly meeting in New York

KING FAROUK IN BIARRITZ : The Egyptian King shaking hands with M. Pexheux after presenting him with the cup following his victory in the Biarritz fencing gala. During his late summer holiday in France King Farouk visited Deauville and Le Touquet in the north, La Baule, in the Loire Estuary, and then Biarritz

THE INTERNATIONAL FASHION FESTIVAL AT VENICE : A model parading in a silver-blue mink coat. During the show, held on the Venice Lido, 100 creations were presented by fourteen Italian houses from Rome, Milan and Florence. A platform was erected to enable the models to be in view of all

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR AT A BIARRITZ HORSE-SHOW : Seated in the grandstand during the jumping display. After the Deauville weeks many prominent figures in the social world went to the south-west, and as a result Biarritz has been enjoying one of its best seasons since the war years

THE GREAT SYDNEY FIRE—A £1,000,000 BLAZE IN ONE OF THE CITY'S SUBURBS : Smoke and flames pouring from the railway bulk stores at Lilyfield, near Leichardt, Sydney, after the fire had been started by a spark from burning grass. Fed by nearly 5,000 gallons of oil, the building quickly became one mass of flames. A column of smoke nearly 500 ft. high could be seen from nearly every part of Sydney. Firemen concentrated for many hours on confining the fire to the Lilyfield railway stores

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD DISASTER : At least thirty-two persons, most of them soldiers, were killed and twenty-eight others were seriously injured when the Pennsylvania Railroad's crack train, *Spirit of St. Louis*, ploughed into the rear of a stationary troop train, in a fog, near West Lafayette, Ohio. The troop train was carrying 700 soldiers of a Pennsylvania National Guard division, who had been recently called into the Federal service, to camp at Atterbury, Indiana, where they were to be given intensive training. The rear coaches of the troop train were telescoped and the engine and also the three luggage vans of the passenger train were derailed

WILTSHIRES FILL THE GAP: Members of the 1st Battalion the Wiltshire Regiment waiting on the quayside at Hong Kong after disembarking from the *Empire Trooper*. Together with a squadron of the 4th Hussars they have been drafted into the colony to fill the gap created when the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and the Middlesex Regiment went to Korea. According to a news report there was some disappointment in the ranks, as the Wiltshires were originally intended for Malaya, and they felt that they were being side-tracked from the job of "bandit hunting" when they were diverted to the defences of Hong Kong

"THE DIGGERS" SET OUT FOR KOREA: The Australian Minister for the Army, Mr. J. Francis, inspecting the Australian troops at Mascot Aerodrome, Sydney, before they boarded planes for Korea. Journalists and photographers were allowed out to Mascot when the troops left, but no news of their departure was released until they had landed in Tokyo. Since this picture was taken a ferry service of Australian troops has been maintained across the Pacific

RAYMOND SOMMER DIES IN A BIG-RACE CRASH: This is the wreckage of the British Cooper 1,100 cc. racing car in which the champion racing driver of France was killed while competing in the Grand Prix of the Haute Garonne at Cadours, near Toulouse. Sommer was leading when the disaster occurred. He was engaged in overtaking another car which had slipped two laps behind the other competitors. M. Sommer, it may be remembered, was chosen to drive the British B.R.M. racing car when it made its first public appearance at Silverstone last month

THE OPENING OF THE INTER-PARLIAMENTARY UNION CONFERENCE: Mr. Sean MacBride, Eire's Minister for External Affairs, addressing the opening of the thirty-ninth annual conference of the inter-Parliamentary Union at Dublin. Some 200 delegates, representing thirty-four nations, attended the conference, which was held in the Dail Eireann. There were many spectators

IN PARLIAMENT—ON THE FIRST BIRTHDAY OF THE GERMAN FEDERAL REPUBLIC: Chancellor Konrad Adenauer seen speaking from the rostrum in the Lower House of the West German Federal Parliament at Bonn when the first year of self-government was celebrated. The German President, the French High Commissioner and the Deputy High Commissioners of Great Britain and the United States assembled for the occasion. The ceremony was on the same lines as at the inauguration of the Republic, when the sitting opened with the playing by the orchestra of movements from Mozart

TWO PEOPLE WHO HAVE MADE A BIG HIT IN NEW YORK: After her performance in the *Swan Lake* at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Margot Fonteyn received a great ovation, and afterwards Sir Gladwyn Jebb, Britain's delegate to the United Nations, went backstage to congratulate her personally. Margot Fonteyn replied by presenting Sir Gladwyn with a rose from one of the countless bouquets which were showered upon her. Sir Gladwyn had just begun his month of office as President of the U.N. Security Council, in which office he succeeded the cantankerous Jakob Malik. The Sadlers Wells Company is having a bumper season in New York, all tickets having been sold out several months in advance

IN HISTORIC EMILY BAY: In the middle distance near the foreshore is Kingston, the residence of the administrator of Norfolk Island, and the ruins in the foreground are the remains of officers' quarters dating from the days when the island was a convict settlement. Norfolk Island, which comes within the territory of the Commonwealth of Australia, was discovered by Cook in 1774, and in 1856 the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty* were removed there from Pitcairn. Norfolk Island was handed over to Australia in 1914

DANCING AT THE "BOUNTY DAY" BALL: In officer's uniform is Johnny Young, a descendant of Midshipman Young, whose life was saved in the days of the *Bounty* by his Tahitian lovers

NORFOLK ISLAND AND ITS LINK WITH THE "BOUNTY"

A Romantic and Turbulent Past Gives Place to an Idyllic Present

IN Norfolk Island, 930 miles across the Pacific from Sydney, it costs very little to live (there being no taxes), nothing at all to die (burial being free), and life is so universally friendly that the dogs don't bark, even by night, at strangers. Yet, less than 100 years ago this island was described by a bishop as an "ocean hell in full blast," and peopled by the most brutalised convicts Britain and Botany Bay could provide. The conversion from murder and convict mutiny to almost crime-free peace has been carried out by the children and grandchildren of those most unpeaceful castaways of Captain Bligh's *Bounty*—Master's mate Fletcher Christian, Midshipman Edward Young, Able Seamen Matthew Quintal, William McCoy, John Adams and their Tahitian "brides," Maimiti, Tauran, Balhadi and company whom they took away to Pitcairn with them in 1789.

When Fletcher Christian and his crewmates sailed from Spithead in the *Bounty* two days before Christmas, 1787, in search of Tahitian breadfruit, they did not think that, following a career of mutiny, murder, debauchery, drunkenness and rape, they would become the forefathers of the friendliest people in the Pacific. But this is what they did.

Norfolk Island has not had one murder since the Pitcairn mutineer community was brought there, ninety-four years ago, under the leadership of Pastor George Hunn Nobbs on the *Morayshire*, their own island having proved too desolate a home. Neither has there been any really serious crime.

To-day, according to Administrator Alexander Wilson, more than two-thirds of Norfolk's population are descended from the *Bounty* mutineers and from Evans, Nobbs and Buffett, who joined them on Pitcairn 2,200 miles to the east of Norfolk. On the electoral rolls of Norfolk Island, Smiths and Browns are badly outnumbered by the Christians and Quintals. Mutineer Alexander Smith even changed his name to John Adams. The remaining third of Norfolk's population is comprised chiefly of retired servicemen from the four corners of the earth. They are called "mainlanders" to distinguish them from the islanders (Pitcairners) and tourists.

The islanders themselves speak good English when mainlanders or tourists are present, but lapse back into a mixture of West Country English and Tahitian when they are not. They say "Bout you gwen?" ("Where are you going?") and "Dars me feesh" ("There 's my sweetheart").

To-day they are proud of their blood- and romance-stained history. Once it was not so. The change came when Clark Gable, in the film *Mutiny on the Bounty*, portrayed Fletcher Christian as a hero and Charles Laughton played Captain William Bligh as a bullying villain. Until that film was shown at the Norfolk Island picture theatre a year or so ago, the islanders had not realised that the world regarded their history in this light.

THE NORFOLK ISLAND MELANESIAN MISSION CHAPEL: The Rev. James William Holmes standing outside his chapel, a neat, slate-roofed building which stands among the pine trees

The main pursuits of the islanders to-day are bean-seed farming, growing kumeras (sweet potatoes), citrus fruits, pawpaws and bananas, the tending of their dairy cows and cattle, fishing from tiny boats along the island's treacherous reefs and rocky coast, planting, felling and log-milling of Norfolk pinewood, and whaling.

Island life is still essentially primitive and unsophisticated as compared with life on the mainlands of Australia and New Zealand.

Main events of the year are Bounty Day (June 8), the days when *Muliama* and *Morinda* arrive offshore from Sydney, and the Skymaster days (each fortnight at the airport) when Qantas planes fly in from and depart for Australia watched by a huge crowd of wondering islanders.

Bounty Day commemorates not the mutiny itself but the day of arrival of the mutineer Pitcairn community on Norfolk, June 8, 1856. Each year on this day the Bounty Boys dress in their *Bounty* sailors' uniforms, parade on the primitive Kingston pier under their "Admiral," and sing "Ship of Fame" in rousing chorus.

What does the future hold for Norfolk Island? Administrator Wilson is convinced that prosperity can come only from development of tourist traffic. He says the big British and United States air-line companies are already anxious to call, provided the Australian Government builds an adequate hotel. So far, it has only promised to do so.

At present shipping to and from Australia is too infrequent, and there is no regular service at all with New Zealand.

THE CASCADES, NORFOLK ISLAND, WHERE MERCHANT SHIPS DROP ANCHOR AND CARGOES ARE BROUGHT ASHORE IN WHALEBOATS: The Cascades are extremely picturesque, and they can be markedly dangerous when there is heavy surf and boats are liable to be dashed against the rocks. If money were spent to construct an all-weather port, it is argued that the islanders would be able to build up their agricultural exports from bean seed, passion-fruit seed, citrus fruits, whale oil and bananas

IN "BOUNTY DAY" THEY REMEMBER THAT OTHER ISLAND: Norfolk Islanders are gathered at the spot where their ancestors from Pitcairn came ashore over ninety years ago from the *Morayshire*. "Bounty Day" is the great event in the Norfolk Island calendar, and there is a host of traditional ceremonies associated with it

THE REMINDER OF A BLOODY DEED: The bare headstone seen outside the island's cemetery marks the burial-place of the members of a convicts' chain-gang who murdered their warders at Bloody Bridge, Norfolk Island, and built the bodies of their victims into the bridge's half-completed stonework. When the murderers were brought to justice they were made to dig their own graves and were shot

LEADING THE WAY TO THE "BOUNTY DAY" CEREMONY ARE DESCENDANTS OF THE MUTINEERS: They march from the pier to the cemetery singing hymns, and later they assemble for a picnic. A cricket match on Kingston Common between the Bounty Boys and the Rest is an annual feature

ALL OF THEM DESCENDANTS OF MUTINEERS OF THE "BOUNTY": With Consett Christian, Pat Adams, Carthy Christian and Johnny Young to lead them, the Bounty Boys march from the Kingston Pier, past the old prison and the convict-built bridge. As they march they sing traditional songs

ON BOARD THE "STRATHEDEN" AS THE M.C.C. TEAM MET THE PRESS BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE FOR THE TENTH TOUR IN AUSTRALIA: F. R. Brown, the England captain, is at the microphone, and grouped around him are the other sixteen players. Towards the centre of the group can be seen the familiar features of Denis Compton, who goes to Australia as vice-captain, and next to him are Reg. Simpson of Notts and Trevor Bailey of Essex. At a dinner at Lord's, before the departure of the team, F. R. Brown and his players, together with the managers, received the good wishes of the M.C.C., as was most fitting from the President, Sir Pelham Warner, who led the first M.C.C. team which went to Australia

OFF TO AUSTRALIA

The M.C.C. Team Leave Tilbury for Their Tour of the Antipodes

INTERVIEWING THE VICE-CAPTAIN: Denis Compton (left) being asked for a farewell statement before the departure of the *Stratheden*. In the background is F. R. Brown

WAVING HANDS AND LUGGAGE GALORE AT ST. PANCRAS STATION BEFORE THE M.C.C. TEAM'S DEPARTURE FOR TILBURY, WHERE THEY BOARDED THE LINER "STRATHEDEN": *Left*—The last good-byes as the train steamed out. *Right*—Leslie Compton helping his brother Denis to check his baggage before the departure. Leslie is not only the Middlesex wicket-keeper, but the Arsenal centre-half and one of the outstanding exponents of the winter game. The M.C.C. team will be in Ceylon at the beginning of October, when they play their first match of the tour. By mid-October they will play their first match in Western Australia. The last Test is in February

THE LIZARD "BASILISCUS" AND ITS BIPEDAL GAIT: The left hind-leg is moving forward as the right completes its propulsive stroke. This remarkable picture, taken with a high-speed camera, is one of a series which demonstrates to a degree never before attained the characteristics of this gait. The *Basiliscus* embraces several striking species found in tropical Mexico, Central America and northern South America

HERE THE LIZARD IS RUNNING AT FULL SPEED: The tail is swung upward and forward while both hind-feet are off the ground. Scientists, with the aid of motion pictures, have now studied the complete locomotor cycle

The LIZARD that WALKS

Amazing Motion Pictures of the Basilisk in Action

The part that slow-motion, high-speed camera photography can play in scientific investigation is well demonstrated by the accompanying pictures of the walking lizard in action. The bipedal locomotion of *Basiliscus* has long been known, and has been studied intensively, Cope, Saville-Kent and Gadow being among those who have written at length upon the subject. It has been left to the camera to provide the final analysis, however, of these lizards, which when on the ground run on their hind-legs at great speed. At slower speed it appears they revert to a quadrupedal gait.

The locomotion of the *Basiliscus* or Basilisk, as it is sometimes called, has been studied with motion pictures taken at sixty-four frames per second as the lizard ran before a ruled grid background. The wooden running platform was covered with large sheets of coarse sandpaper, which provided a rough friction surface and prevented back-slipping. The entire platform was enclosed in a large glass tank providing visibility from every direction, except from below. The lizards were then photographed through the glass from the lateral, anterior and posterior aspects. Individual frames of the motion picture were then projected, and the outlines of the lizard traced throughout a complete locomotor cycle. The positions of the joints were determined on each tracing, and the tracings were then superimposed, using the hip-bone cavity as the central reference point. The inclinations of the body and the positions of the legs and tail in each phase of the stride were then plotted by a protractor.

No attempt was made to analyse the quadrupedal gait of *Basiliscus*, since no illustrative slow-motion pictures were obtained. It is certain, however, that both walking and quadrupedal running are symmetrical forms of locomotion, as Howell has pointed out.

In order to determine the role of the tail in bipedal locomotion, sections of it were removed by cutting quickly and cleanly with heavy scissors. Very little bleeding resulted from this operation, and the lizard was then allowed to rest and move about its cage for fifteen to thirty minutes in order to obviate the shock of removal. When the posterior third of the tail was removed in this manner, the lizard could rise to its hind-legs without difficulty, but it experienced considerable distress in trying to run bipedally. At the first trial, it was able to complete only one stride before staggering and then falling forward on its fore-legs. It attempted to arrest its fall by elevating the tail high in the air. In the second trial it ran for two strides before again falling forward, and in a series of five trials the lizard was unable to complete more than three strides, the third of which was abnormal in that the animal attempted to shorten the step.

When the posterior two-thirds of the tail was removed, the basilisk was unable to run bipedally. In three of the four trials after this operation, it succeeded for an instant in attaining the two-legged posture, but it was quite unable to maintain it either standing or running. The first step resulted in unco-ordinated movements of the legs and tail, and after continuing its initial momentum half-way across the tank on all four legs, it floundered to a stop.

These rather crude experiments indicate the importance of the weight of the tail as a counterbalance in bipedal locomotion, as well as the probability that length and motion are important factors affecting the gait of the lizard.

BIPEDAL AND QUADRUPEDAL ACTION OF THE LIZARD "BASILISCUS": Sometimes preliminary quadrupedal action will precede the bipedal action, but not necessarily so. From either of two resting postures this remarkable lizard is able to break at once into a run. The fore-legs apparently do not play an important role in elevating the body. In a scientific experiment the fore-legs were taped tightly to the animal's sides, so that the lizard was forced to rest flat on its belly and throat. From this position, despite the handicap, it was able to rise without apparent difficulty and run on its hind-legs

THE EASTERN ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT HARBOUR OF HONG KONG, FROM WHICH THE BRITISH NAVY IS CONDUCTING OPERATIONS ON BEHALF OF THE UNITED NATIONS IN THE KOREAN WAR: In the centre of the channel are H.M.S. *Unicorn*, an aircraft maintenance ship which recently transported troops to Pusan, and H.M.S. *Ceylon*, one of the cruisers of the Uganda class. In the foreground is the city of Victoria, which stands on the island of Hong Kong, and in the background on the left is Kowloon, the industrial quarter of the Crown Colony

The BRITISH NAVY and the KOREAN WAR

A Spearhead of the United Nations Naval Force

British naval units of the Far East Fleet have been operating with the U.N. naval force in support of the big landings in Korea, which bid fair to cut short the whole war. Since June 28 the British naval units, together with units of the Royal Australian Navy, the Royal Canadian Navy and the Royal New Zealand Navy, have co-operated as partners with the navies of other nations in patrolling, escorting and giving flank support to the land forces. These official photographs were taken from the aircraft maintenance carrier H.M.S. *Unicorn*, which recently transported the first contingent of British land forces to Korea.

In the first stages of the campaign in Korean waters there was considerable news of naval activity, but now a veil of secrecy surrounds operations, except when a special release is made from General MacArthur's Tokyo headquarters. Apparently the British forces are making considerable use both of Hong Kong and Kure, on the Inland Sea of Japan. Kure, in the British Commonwealth Occupation Zone of Japan, was the principal state dockyard of the Japanese Empire. It also had an arsenal and a steel factory.

A HOSPITAL SHIP AND A TROOP TRANSPORT WHICH ARE TAKING PART IN THE KOREAN WAR: *Left*—The British hospital ship *Maine* seen at the port of Kure, Japan, where she has been standing by for duty. *Right*—The *Empire Orwell* leaving Hong Kong harbour. The *Empire Orwell*, Britain's troopship de luxe, formerly known as the *Pretoria*, was built at Hamburg in 1936 and she was taken over by Britain as a prize of war in 1945. Converted as a troopship, she can now take over 1,400 troops in comfort, together with their wives and children

THE CRUISER "KENYA" STEAMING OUT OF HONG KONG HARBOUR: The 8,000-ton warship which is now operating with the United Nations naval force in the Far East. *Kenya* has a main armament of nine 6-in. guns, and in addition eight 4-in. anti-aircraft guns which can operate in a dual role. *Kenya* was completed in the first year of the war and, like most of her sister-ships of the Fiji class, has been highly successful in action and in general performance

THE "BELFAST" ENTERS THE PORT OF KURE, JAPAN: The cruiser steaming into the harbour after a spell of duty in Korean waters. Kure, situated on Honshu, in the Inland Sea and to the south-east of Hiroshima, lies 200 miles from the Korean Peninsula. The *Belfast* can make the journey from Kure to Pusan in the course of a day. *Belfast* and other British warships operating in the Yellow Sea, the Chosen Strait, and the Sea of Japan have the special task of guarding the Korean flanks

THE DESTROYER "COSSACK" AND THE AIRCRAFT MAINTENANCE CARRIER "UNICORN": *Left*—The *Cossack* "shipping it green" during operations off the coast of Korea. The *Cossack*, laid down in 1943, did not see service during the war, being commissioned after the fall of Japan. *Right*—H.M.S. *Unicorn* at Kure. Apart from her work in transporting troops and aircraft, *Unicorn*, officially described as an aircraft maintenance ship, also carries fuel for destroyers taking part in the campaign, thus keeping them at sea for longer periods than would normally be possible. Destroyer crews have had hardly any rest since the start of the Korean war

THE DESTROYERS "COMUS" AND "CONSORT" IN THE PACIFIC THEATRE OF OPERATIONS: *Left*—The *Comus*, of 1,710 tons, patrolling off the coast of Korea. *Right*—*Consort* entering Kure harbour. H.M.S. *Consort*, which with the cruiser *London* sailed to the assistance of the *Amethyst* during the Yangtse battles with the Communists in 1949, was one of the first British warships to go into action in the Korean war. Since then a more or less complete veil of silence has been drawn round the work of the units constituting the United Nations naval force, which is under the overall command of General Douglas MacArthur, Supreme Commander for U.N

Training the New Zealand Navy

A "SNORT" SUBMARINE DIVES BENEATH HAURAKI GULF

H.M.S. *Thorough* In Action off the Port of Auckland

H.M.S. "THOROUGH" APPROACHES GREAT BARRIER ISLAND, IN THE HAURAKI GULF: Looking from the bridge towards the bows of the submarine during operations in the Hauraki Gulf, North Island, New Zealand. Equipped with every device that science can offer for modern naval warfare, the *Thorough* has been operating in New Zealand waters to assist with the anti-submarine training of New Zealand crews

AT THE FORWARD PERISCOPE IN THE BRITISH SUBMARINE "THOROUGH": Lieutenant H. Ellis watching surface activities by units of the New Zealand Navy as the *Thorough* sought to evade her pursuers. This chase round Hauraki Gulf provided valuable training for the crews of New Zealand warships. The *Thorough* belongs to the "T" class and is officially described as a patrol type. The *Truculent*, which sank in the waters of the Thames Estuary earlier in the year, was a sister-ship of H.M.S. *Thorough*

When in September 1944 the German radio first mentioned the introduction of the Schnorkel in their U-boats, adding that experiments had commenced in 1943, the whole technique of submarine warfare came under world review. It was seen at the Admiralty in London and at the Pentagon, in Washington, that the submarine was now an infinitely more potent weapon, being able to remain submerged for long periods and, in consequence, to play havoc on enemy coasts without quite the same possibility of detection ever-present when a vessel must come up to the surface in order to recharge batteries. Britain and America immediately got to work on the Schnorkel, and it is now standard equipment in both navies. H.M.S. *Thorough*, which is the subject of pictures on these pages, is indeed a fine example of one of Britain's "Snort"-equipped submarines. She has lately been the "target ship" in exercises held with the Royal New Zealand Navy, whose surface vessels have been pitted against her in mock warfare in the Hauraki Gulf. The resultant anti-submarine training for the crews of the New Zealand ships has been of obvious benefit. On the surface they have been tracking the *Thorough* with radar, and under water with the aid of Asdic. The *Thorough*, in evading Asdic detection, has resorted from time to time to stopping all engines, and the resultant game of hide and seek has been most interesting.

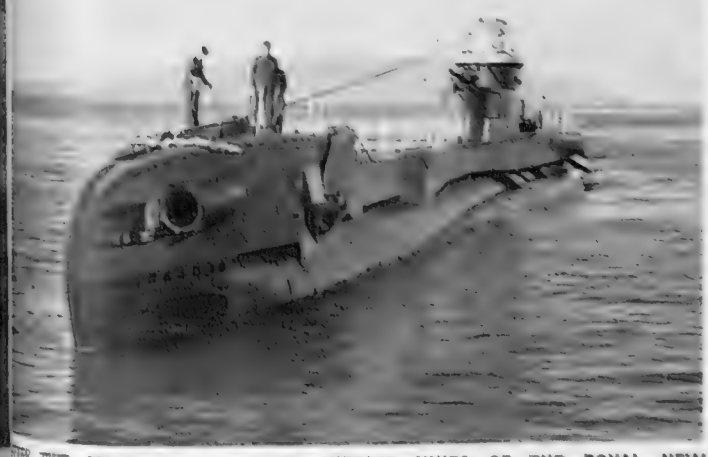
THE "SNORT" IN OPERATION—THE SUBMARINE "THOROUGH'S" UNDER-WATER BREATHING APPARATUS SHOWING ABOVE THE SURFACE AS SHE CRUISED THROUGH THE HAURAKI GULF: The "Snort," which enables submarines to use main Diesel engines under water and therefore to remain submerged for long periods, has now become a standard fitting for our submarines. The use of the "Snort" has, of course, introduced entirely new tactics into naval warfare, and the presence of H.M.S. *Thorough*, one of our best-equipped submarines, in New Zealand waters is obviously of immense advantage in the training of New Zealand naval personnel

H.M.S. "THOROUGH" BEGINS TO DIVE BENEATH THE HAURAKI GULF—THE RUSH OF WATER INTO THE BUOYANCY TANKS CAUSES A "FLURRY" OF SPRAY: At the moment when this picture was taken, the "Snort" breathing device was still in the lowered position beside the conning-tower. The submarine these days has to face new and powerful surface and air weapons, the most dangerous, perhaps, being the "hedgehog" mortar which has largely superseded the depth-charge so familiar in the Second World War. The "hedgehog" consists of a battery of twenty-four charges which are fired simultaneously to drop in a circular pattern round the target

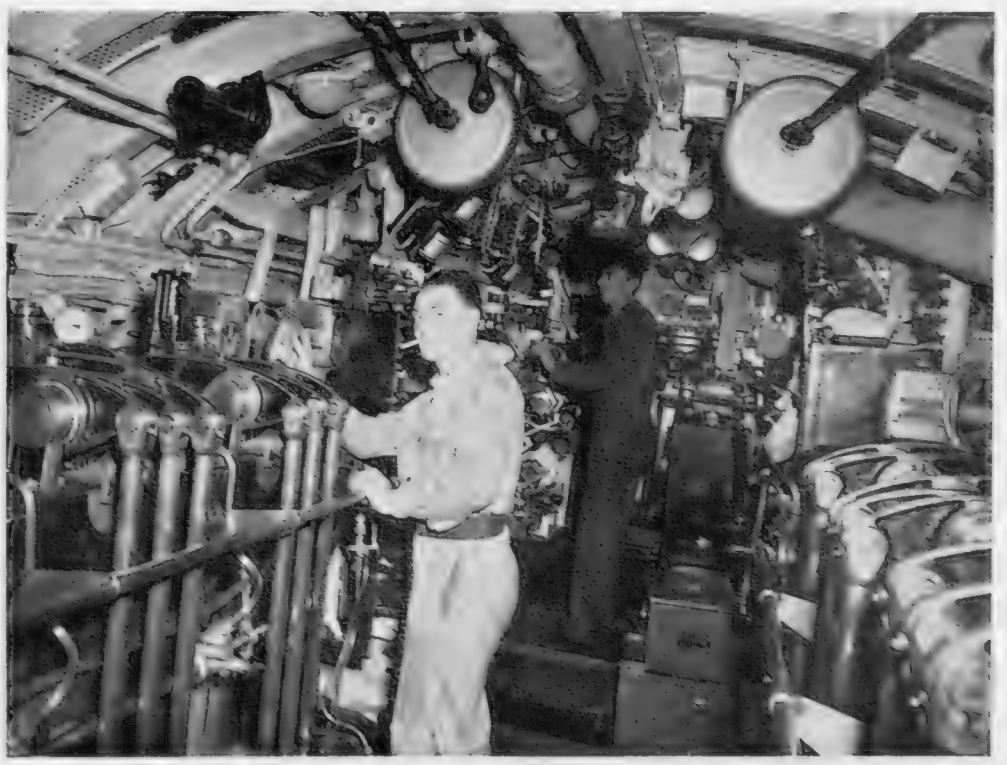
H.M.S. "THOROUGH" EMERGES FROM THE DEPTHS: This photograph, taken with the camera lens pressed against the eyepiece of the periscope, shows the surfacing bow and the hydroplanes of the submarine breaking the water in a pool of foam

SEATED AT THE FORWARD HYDROPLANE CONTROLS: The rating is keeping a watch on the depth-gauge, which shows that the submarine is now operating at a depth of 60 ft.

Below—LIFE BELOW DECKS IN THE "THOROUGH": The engine-room with its mass of equipment. The great concentration of machinery and electrical leads leaves only a few feet of space available for the operators



UNDER THE MOCK BATTLE WITH SURFACE UNITS OF THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND NAVY: The submarine *Thorough* cruising through the Hauraki Gulf. The *Thorough*, although admirably equipped in the matter of offensive and defensive weapons, will probably be superseded by new vessels rather better streamlined for under-water performance



LONDON, VIEWED FROM "THE POINT," BLACKHEATH—THE PANORAMA WHICH HAS BEEN THE SUBJECT OF MUCH DISCUSSION FOLLOWING A LETTER TO THE PRESS FROM MR. R. A. DUCKWORTH, OF BLACKHEATH, WHO HAS URGED THAT IN 1951, WHEN WATER BUSES WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE TO BRING FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN VISITORS FROM THE EXHIBITION SITE TO GREENWICH, ARRANGEMENTS SHOULD BE MADE TO SET UP A TEA GARDEN BY THIS VIEW-POINT OF THE METROPOLIS : The panorama from "The Point" embraces Brentford, Wembley, Hampstead, Alexandra Palace and Epping Forest, and it is unmatched by any other natural view-point in London. "Glimpses of the Thames and its shipping complete the sense of greatness and enterprise which such a total view of London raises in one's mind," writes Mr. Duckworth

THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH, WHICH STANDS ON THE SITE OF PLACENTIA, THE WELL-LOVED PALACE OF THE TUDORS, AS SEEN FROM GREENWICH PARK : Here, near the crest of the hill, the impressive beauty of the buildings can be seen to advantage, and in the background rise the spires, chimneys and roof-tops of the vast metropolis

LOOKING TOWARDS THE HEIGHTS OF HAMPSTEAD AND HIGHGATE : A visitor to Greenwich Park takes in the glorious view, with the Royal Naval College in the foreground and the sweep of the Thames bend in the middle distance. It has not only been suggested that a tea garden should be set up on these heights, to accommodate visitors in Festival of Britain year who come down the river by boat, but that a service of buses should take them to "The Point"

LONDON'S FINEST VIEW

The Panorama of the Metropolis from the Point, Blackheath

From the days when Greenwich was a Danish encampment, a small fishing town upon the right bank of the Thames, it has been connected with great events in English history. Henry VIII was born and baptised at Greenwich, and there he married Catherine of Aragon. Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were born there, and it was there that Edward VI died. James I settled the Palace and the park on his wife, Anne of Denmark, and Charles I lived there until the outbreak of the Civil War.

It is partly because of this distinguished place which Greenwich holds in English history, and partly because it offers one of the finest panoramic views of London, that it is now suggested that Greenwich should play an important part in Festival of Britain year.

It is the idea of Mr. Duckworth, a Blackheath resident, that full advantage should be taken of the boat service which will ply between the Exhibition site and Greenwich, and that "The Point," Blackheath, should become a popular rendezvous. He concluded his letter to the Press by saying: "The contrast between the congestion of the Exhibition and the sense of freshness and spaciousness on 'The Point' would make this a popular resort. Finally, such an extension of the Festival would draw into its orbit the Royal Park of Greenwich, the Observatory and the National Maritime Museum, and a river frontage from Battersea to Greenwich worthy of this great Exhibition."

Mr. Duckworth has found support from many quarters, notably in the person of Mr. Sloane Richards, Agent Conseil de la Marine Marchande. In a recent letter, praising the idea of bringing Greenwich into the Festival scheme, Mr. Richards declared: "I frequently receive visitors from France and, whenever possible, I take them by river to Greenwich. Recently an important French Government deputation came to London to inspect the docks at the invitation of the Port of London Authority. Later, the deputation went to Greenwich, and all the members expressed their great interest and pleasure at what they saw."

BLACKHEATH'S DENEHOLE CAVERNS

The Remarkable Excavations which Lie Beneath "The Point"

Visitors to "The Point," Blackheath, overlooking Greenwich and the broad sweep of the Thames Valley, have beneath their feet a series of vast Denehole caverns, though the fact is known only to a few local inhabitants and to antiquarian students.

These ancient excavations, which were mentioned by Pliny in his writings, and are apparently common to the counties of Essex and Kent and also to the Somme Valley, were undoubtedly chalk quarries, providing, it is believed, a particular brand of chalk required for export. In the days of the Danish invasion the Dane holes or Dene holes, as they came to be known, were an excellent hide-out for those who were being hunted by the ruthless invaders. The Danes encamped at Greenwich for some time, and there must have been many people in the little riverside town who made use of this gigantic hide-out.

The existence of the Denehole Caverns beneath "The Point" was first discovered in modern times in the '70's, when access was gained to one of the caverns by a shaft 30 ft. or more in depth. The floor of the first cavern, it was found, lay about 170 ft. beneath the surface of "The Point." There are four chambers in all, connected by passages, and in the last of them is a well. One cavern has a dome-shaped roof supported by columns of rock chalk.

The vertical shaft discovered in the '70's was at a later stage replaced by forty steps, which gave access to the caverns. These were cleared and opened up, as it was seen that the caverns had possibilities as an air-raid refuge. They were later blocked up when the need for an air-raid refuge passed.

DROPPING DOWN TO GREENWICH: This sketch shows the approach to the river from "The Point." The Thames can be glimpsed in the distance between the trees and the tall chimneys. The historic riverside town is full of quaint and picturesque corners

"THE POINT," BLACKHEATH, AS SEEN FROM THE AREA OF THE MAIDENSTONE HILL: The crest of the hill, from which the great panorama of London is seen, lies beyond the church

(Special "Sphere" Drawings by Percy Home)

AN OLD BY-WAY IN THE VICINITY OF "THE POINT": Tiled cottages with small gardens are a picturesque feature of this part of Greenwich which, although semi-industrialised, has not lost its old-world charm

THE DENEHOLE CAVERNS, WHICH LIE BELOW "THE POINT": The caverns have the same characteristics as many of the denehole excavations discovered in various other parts of Kent. They are nearly always reached by vertical shafts opening out into large chambers hewn out of the rock chalk. They may have been made originally for the purpose of acquiring special chalk for export, and they were later used as refuges from the Danes, hence the words "Dane" or "Dene hole." Their origin is evidenced from objects found on the cavern floors

PRESERVING THE MEDIÆVAL WALLS OF NORWICH CITY

Norwich City Council has approved an expenditure of £1,130 to preserve and restore the remains of the mediæval city walls and towers. The walls, approaching 20 ft. in height and 3 to 5 ft. in thickness, are constructed of flint and were built at the end of the thirteenth century; the work was completed in 1342. The Committee appointed by the City Council, after an inspection of all that remains of the wall above the ground, decided that two small portions were not worth saving. It was decided, however, to accept a recommendation of the Norwich Society (which has opposed *any* demolition) that wherever demolition is carried out a small portion of the structure should be left as a signpost indicating the original line of the walls. Work on two sections of the wall has already been completed, but work is still in progress on other sections.

Norwich is a city of great antiquity, and a number of its mediæval buildings still remain in a good condition of repair despite the havoc wrought by German bombers during World War II, when it was ravaged by "Baedeker raids" on April 27 and 29, 1942.

A SECTION OF THE CITY WALLS YET TO BE RESTORED AT ST. BENEDICT'S GATE, NORWICH: In the background is seen the church of St. John the Baptist. The restoration of the mediæval city walls and towers will cost £1,130

WORK ON THE SPIRE OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL: In addition to the work now being carried out on the city walls, experts have been engaged on the task of pointing the upper part of the spire of historic Norwich Cathedral. This was originally built in 1096 by Herbert de Losinga, of stone brought from France. The city was heavily damaged by the German Air Force during World War II

A VIEW ACROSS THE RIVER WENSUM TOWARDS CARROW HILL, which provides one of the best views of the remains of the city's mediæval walls. These extend from the Boom Tower, in the left foreground of the picture, along the wall to the Black Tower at the top of the hill to the right. The walls were built at the end of the thirteenth century

WORKMEN ENGAGED IN WEATHERING A SECTION OF THE CITY WALL WHICH RUNS UP THE CARROW HILL TO THE BLACK TOWER: At the bottom of the hill can be seen one of the smaller watch-towers on which restoration work has already been completed. The city walls have a thickness varying from three to five feet and are built of flint

THE ANCIENT BOOM TOWERS AT CARROW, USED ORIGINALLY TO PLACE A BOOM ACROSS THE WENSUM RIVER TO PROTECT THE CITY FROM WATER-BORNE ATTACK: Work on the right-hand tower, together with the cinder oven at its base, has been completed. The left-hand tower has yet to receive attention from the restorers

HAULING IN THE DREDGES: Two fishermen at work in the famous Pyefleet Creek of the River Colne, where oyster fishing has been going on since Roman times

NOT ONLY OYSTERS COME TO THE SURFACE: One of the fishermen using a pair of boards, known as "sheards," to throw back rubbish

WHEN THE CATCH COMES ASHORE: *Left*—The oysters are carried up to the cleaning and packing shed on Peewit Island, which stands in the River Colne. *Right*—The oysters after scraping and grading, are put into bag nets and then dropped into this large surface tank called a ledgen. There they are left for two or three days before being lifted out and packed for market. The period in the ledgen represents the final step in the self-cleaning process

FRESH FROM THE DEPTHS: When oysters are brought ashore, whelks, small crabs and other objects are clinging to the shells, in some profusion

GRADING AND CLEANING OPERATIONS ON PEEWIT ISLAND: *Left*—Jack Francis, foreman at the Colne Fisheries, carries out this important task. After long experience he grades very rapidly, largely by feel and weighing the oysters in his hand. *Right*—Men at work in the cleaning shed on Peewit Island, where the oysters are scraped. A knife with a blunt edge, known as a cultac, is used for this particular work. After this the oysters go into the ledgen for several days

THE OYSTER SEASON

Work at the Colne Fisheries at Brightlingsea

Once more the month of September starts off the centuries-old oyster-catching season, and at one of England's oldest fisheries, the Colne Fisheries, at Brightlingsea, Essex, the skiffs are going out to the Pyefleet Channel, to bring in the succulent "Colchester Pyefleets," heaviest and perhaps best-flavoured of all Thames Estuary bivalves. The position of the Pyefleet Creek of the River Colne, in which the oysters are produced, both with regard to the set of tides, and the entire absence of houses on its banks, assures the absolute purity of the shellfish. It is claimed locally that the Romans were the first to discover the particular benefits of the Colchester Pyefleet. Shortly after the invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar, Roman writers began to comment on the superiority of oysters from the Thames Estuary to those from the Mediterranean. In excavations of many Roman sites in this country, oyster-shells from the Colne have been found in quantity.

The breed of the Pyefleet oyster has changed little since the days of the Roman gourmets, though much progress has been made in combating their enemies—the slipper limpet; the starfish, known to the dredgermen who detest it as the "five-finger"; the burr, or sea hedgehog, and perhaps the worst of all, the dog-whelk, which bores through the oyster's shell, inserts its sucker and absorbs the soft body. The Colne Fisheries are jointly owned by a board from Colchester Corporation and the dredgermen themselves.

FORWARD STRIDES IN U.S. AVIATION

Three New Ideas Recently Demonstrated on American Airfields

As one answer to the threat of enemy submarines, a new-type blimp has recently been developed in the United States. The largest non-rigid airship ever built, the N-ship is now nearing completion at the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation's factory in Ohio. Being larger than the K-type blimps of World War II, the N is capable of carrying more submarine-detection devices, and can also fly longer and farther without refuelling. Airships operating with planes and surface vessels have proved very successful in seeking out and tracking submarines: the ability of the blimp to fly safely at low altitudes and at slow speeds, coupled with its capability of staying aloft for extended periods without refuelling, make it a most effective member of a Hunter-Killer team. During the war, the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation completed for the U.S. Navy some two hundred lighter-than-air craft, which ranged from small trainers to the K. and M. patrol ships with a helium gas capacity of 425,000 ft. The Corporation has now returned to the lighter-than-air field with its new N-type anti-submarine airships.

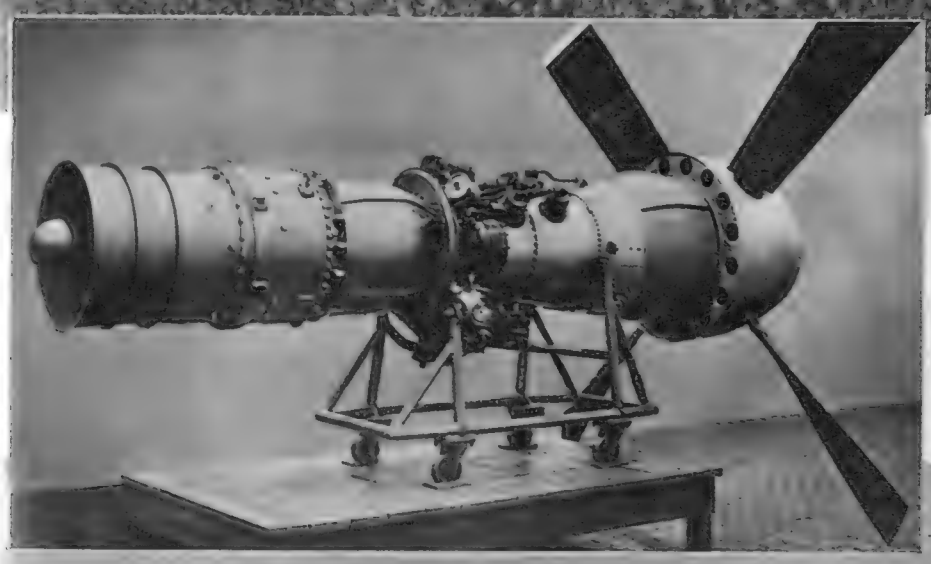
THE NEW U.S. ANTI-SUBMARINE AIRSHIP NEARS COMPLETION IN THE HANGARS OF THE GOODYEAR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION AT AKRON, OHIO: In this picture of the new N-type non-rigid airship, the net shrouding the huge aircraft is used to hold the helium-filled envelope down while the control car and other fixtures are being attached. In America great developments have been made in the methods of combating enemy submarine vessels

THE CONTROL CAR TO BE FITTED BENEATH THE ANTI-SUBMARINE AIRSHIP is here seen under construction at Akron. It is built up as a separate entity and will be attached later beneath the envelope. The round-shaped object in the foreground of this view is the nose-cone of the airship

THE FIRST PICTURES OF THE NEW AMERICAN "PACK PLANE" NOW BEING USED BY THE U.S. AIR FORCE: IN THIS PICTURE THE LOAD-CARRYING "POD" HAS BEEN DETACHED FROM THE FUSELAGE, THE WHEELS OF THE AIRCRAFT HAVE BEEN RETRACTED, AND THE PLANE IS "TRAVELLING LIGHT." At Hagerstown, in Maryland, the revolutionary new XC 120 has recently been demonstrated by the U.S. Air Force. This is a "pack plane" built by the Fairchild Aircraft Company which incorporates a very novel idea. The cargo-carrying fuselage, or "pod," slung beneath the pilots' quarters enables heavy cargoes and supplies to be flown to airstrips near the front lines: there, the entire cargo can be detached, and the "wings" flown straight back for another "pod" or "pack." It could also return with an empty "pod" to be reloaded or for a load of litter patients. The aircraft is capable of transporting 20,000 lb. of cargo, or thirty-six litter patients. The "pod" is wheeled up to the plane on the airfield, and its own wheels are then stowed away for the take-off and flight. Provision for the crew of two is provided in the shallow nacelle beneath which the "pod" is suspended: during early experiments with this aircraft study has been given to dropping the pack in flight or skidding it off on to the ground from a low height

Inset above—**EASILY RELEASED FROM THE PLANE, the cargo-carrying fuselage can be towed from beneath the plane on its own wheels. These wheels are stowed within the "pod" when in flight**

On right—**THE FAIRCHILD "PACK PLANE" IN ACTUAL FLIGHT: The huge "pod" is here seen in position. It is capable of carrying a load weighing almost 10 tons**



A NEW ENGINE FOR AMERICAN BOMBERS: WITH ITS FOUR REGULAR MOTORS SWITCHED OFF, THIS B 17 BOMBER REMAINS IN FLIGHT BY MEANS OF A T 34 TURBO-WASP ENGINE MOUNTED IN THE NOSE OF THE AIRCRAFT. *On left*—A close-up of the engine, which has been described as the most powerful turbo-prop engine now flying. The two pictures reproduced here show the T 34 developed by Pratt and Whitney mounted for test purposes in the nose of a B 17: alone, it can fly the big bomber with the usual four motors switched off. The T 34 is an adaptation of the jet engine, using the exhaust gases to turn a propeller shaft instead of for direct thrust: it weighs 2,550 lb., compared with some 4,000 lb. for a 3,550-h.p. piston engine. It is 30 ins. in diameter and 13 ft. long, with a horse-power rated at 5,700. The new engine was shown publicly for the first time on September 7 at the U.S. Navy's Air Test centre on the Patuxent River

BATTLE OF BRITAIN WEEK—A SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT LANDS ON THE THAMES NEAR TOWER BRIDGE : The great aircraft seen near the north shore after touching-down. The Sunderland arrived in the Thames for Battle of Britain week. The climax of the week of commemoration, the great fly-past, was cancelled. The procession of aircraft was to have been led by a single Hurricane flown by an anonymous Battle of Britain pilot. It is the last airworthy Hurricane in the possession of the R.A.F. Last Saturday seventy-one R.A.F. stations throughout the country were opened to the public, and there were displays at London Airport, visitors being able to look over Superforts

THE SEARCH FOR THE MISSING THIRTEEN MEN WHICH WENT ON AFTER THE RESCUE OF 116 : Miners at the crater at Knockshinnoch Castle Colliery forming a human chain to pass props down to the rescue squads tunnelling through the crater. In the background a roof was built over the spot where tunnelling operations were in progress in order to keep out the waters of a burn which flowed into the crater with considerable force as a result of recent rains. The straw and coal tubs seen in the background formed part of the emergency damming operations. By Monday of last week it was realised that all hope for the missing thirteen men must be given up. The rescue of the 116 men has been acclaimed, however, as one of the greatest rescue operations in the history of the mining industry. Mr. Noel-Baker, Minister of Fuel and Power, afterwards declared in the House of Commons : "The outstanding fact is that 116 men were rescued from what seemed at first to be a desperate, if not hopeless, situation"

DAMMING OPERATIONS AT KNOCKSHINNOCH CASTLE COLLIERY, AYRSHIRE : Men engaged in diverting water from the great crater which came into being with the collapse of the workings

THE HOME NEWS

A PICTORIAL SURVEY, MAINLY FROM LONDON

THE MINISTER OF FUEL AND POWER VISITS THE SCENE OF THE AYRSHIRE COLLIERY DISASTER : Mr. Noel-Baker (centre), accompanied by Sir Andrew Bryan (second from left), H.M. Inspector of Mines, and Mr. David McCardle, area general manager of the National Coal Board, on arrival at Knockshinnoch Castle Colliery, New Cumnock, Ayrshire. After his visit Mr. Noel-Baker made a statement in the House of Commons, praising the fine work of the rescuers

THE SCALA PREMIÈRE IN LONDON: The Earl and Countess of Harewood at the reception held at the Italian Embassy following the success of the Scala Opera Company's production of *Otello*. It was the first time a London audience had had the chance to appraise the celebrated company from Milan

A GREAT OCCASION AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN: Members of the audience who saw the production of *Otello*. Mr. Victor de Sabata, who conducted Verdi's opera without a score, received a tremendous ovation at the close, when there were many curtain calls

ROYAL AIR FORCE BAND PLAYS IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: City workers enjoying the music during their lunch-hour recess. This was part of the series of displays arranged by the Royal Air Force in connection with the commemoration in London of the tenth anniversary of the Battle of Britain

AN EAST END CHURCH RISES FROM THE RUINS: Extensive repairs to bomb damage have begun at St. Dunstan's, Stepney. One of London's oldest churches, St. Dunstan's celebrates its 1,000th anniversary in 1952. The church is famous for its associations with the sea. For centuries it has been the custom for christenings performed on the high seas to be registered at St. Dunstan's. Inside the church is the tomb of Sir Thomas Spert, founder of Trinity House. The tower, which dates back to before the Norman Conquest, is to be partly rebuilt. About a third of it will have to be pulled down and re-erected before the bells, silent since the blitz, can be rung again. The work will be completed in about six months. Already finished is a stained-glass window by Mr. Hugh Easton, maker of the Battle of Britain window in Westminster Abbey. This is a panorama of Stepney during the raids

THE FIRST TEE AT RICHMOND: Mr. C. S. Irwin and Mr. E. W. Barney at the Royal Mid-Surrey Club during the Invitation Golf Meeting organised by Illustrated Newspapers

PRESENTING "THE SPHERE" CHALLENGE CUP FOR 1950: Mr. J. B. Taylor (left) receiving the trophy from Mr. W. C. Nisbett, managing director of Illustrated Newspapers Limited. In the morning round for *The Sphere* Cup, Mr. Taylor returned a gross score of 82, which, with a handicap of 9, gave him 73. He tied with Mr. A. J. Lewis, who had a gross score of 89 and a handicap of 16. The result was decided by the narrowest of margins on the best score for the last nine holes. During the meeting, which proved even more popular than ever, there was also a four-ball bogey foursome, which resulted in another keen contest. The winners were Mr. P. J. Rumble and Mr. J. H. Tilbury

THE WINNER OF "THE SPHERE" CHALLENGE CUP, 1950: Mr. J. B. Taylor (left) on the links at the Royal Mid-Surrey Club with Mr. G. H. Gascoigne, who was the winner last year

THE SYDNEY SUBURB OF CREMORNE AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY: Cremorne lies on the north shore and is typical of the rather haphazard fashion in which housing development was carried on in New South Wales prior to the Second World War. Now, with a steep rise in immigration, Australia is tackling her housing problem as never before

AUSTRALIA TACKLES THE HOUSING PROBLEM

Development in Sydney, Goulburn, and Canberra

It was one of the dreams of Cecil Rhodes, the great apostle of Empire, that the waste spaces of the Commonwealth should be peopled, that we should take up the *lebensraum* within our grasp. Belatedly, Australia, ever-conscious of her vast perimeter and the problems of its defence, is accepting that challenge, and her population is increasing by leaps and bounds. The net gain in population in 1949 was 149,000, and this, supplemented by a natural increase of over 100,000, brought the Australian population to 8,000,000 at the end of the year. All this, of course, brings in its train a vast housing problem, and at the same time in the big cities there is an urgent slum question. Recently the Federal Department of Works and Housing estimated that Australia's total need was 95,000 new houses a year—45,000 for newly-married couples and 50,000 for the annual intake of 200,000 migrants. The present capacity of the building industry is about 60,000 houses a year, so the Commonwealth has a considerable deficiency to make up by increasing the output of building materials, by adding to the number of construction workers, and, last but not least, by purchasing prefabricated houses from countries which can supply them.

A NEW BLOCK OF FLATS RISES AT KIRRIBILLI, AT THE NORTH-EAST END OF SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE: This is one of the housing projects of the Housing Commission of New South Wales which, bearing in mind the great tide of immigrants, is doing its utmost to cope with the situation. In 1949, 894 new flats were completed in New South Wales, representing 64·9 per cent. of the Australian total. In 1950-51 New South Wales plans to build more than 20,000 homes, and the State has asked the Commonwealth Government for £11,250,000 to start operations. A further £2,700,000 is to be spent on housing in the State, particularly for slum clearance in Sydney

THIS IS THE SYDNEY OF THE VICTORIAN AND EDWARDIAN AGE: These are typical flats in the Redfern district, one of the poorer quarters of Sydney, which is now, at long last, beginning to feel the impact of more enlightened housing policies. Redfern lies just behind the Central Station, one step up in the social scale compared with Darlinghurst

SHANTY TOWN IN REDFERN: These are typical old houses in this suburb which, year by year, becomes an increasing slum owing to overcrowding. This problem is accentuated in Sydney, for it is the main port for immigrants

NEW FLATS OPPOSITE OLD TENEMENTS IN YOUNG STREET, REDFERN: The new properties are well planned, but as yet there seems to be no indication that Australia is planning on the same scale as Britain, where the neighbourhood unit is regarded as vital

IN A NEW SUBURB OF CANBERRA: These bungalows are being built in Federal Territory. They are working-class homes and rents are 22s. per week. Their uniformity is in marked contrast to the average Canberra residence built to accommodate those with a high living standard, for the most part M.P.s and civil servants. In 1949 over eighty houses were completed in the little capital city of Canberra

HOUSES AT GOULBURN, NEW SOUTH WALES, WHICH HAVE BEEN BUILT FOR THE STATE HOUSING COMMISSION: Here again uniformity is the keynote, but if speed is to be a key factor this is essential, otherwise Australia may find her intake of immigrants too great for her capacity. Only recently Mr. Casey, Minister for National Development, announced that Australia would probably be compelled to import up to 20,000 prefabricated homes a year for the next three to five years

New Lamps and Old

POSTERITY BLOWS THE GAFF

Some Thoughts on the Subject of Fame By JOHN GORE

WHAT IS FAME?—While she lay a-dying (and longing to be done with it) in her stuffy lodging in Winchester, Jane Austen may or may not have had an inkling that her name would one day be enshrined in the Temple of Literature. She certainly had no notion of the richness of that shrine. She was only forty-two; she had received about £700 in all for the novels from her hand already published. By her family and friends broadly she was accepted as a clever and charming amateur who amused them with her tales, and they had their preferences based on the amusement value rather than on the genius of *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park* or *Emma*. Jane had seen the *Quarterly Review's* critique of *Emma* and had guessed it was "Waverley's" work. She was always a "good guesser" (which was Chesterton's definition of genius). She knew, too, that the great Jeffrey had read *Emma* at a sitting. Naturally, she never saw Scott's maturer praise of her unique powers in his diary of 1826. There is, however, some reason to think that in her letters to a friend, Mrs. Barrett (which letters are lost), she gave a hint that she was not unaware of her own merits. Little hint of that awareness is to be found in her family letters, and it is quite clear that her friends and family held but the most modest views of her genius and had no inkling of her eternal fame.

Her first biography came out in 1818, and in it the claim was advanced that *some* readers ranked her novels as the equal of Miss Burney's or Miss Edgeworth's.

Modesty was the order of the day in the Waterloo era among women novelists. A great reaction towards reticence set in with the publication of *Glenarvon* by Lady Caroline Lamb in 1816, the year in which *Emma* saw the light. There were no Book Societies and Literary Luncheons in those days, and if there had been, I do not see Jane Austen's novels wearing their paper girdles, nor Jane herself, up from Chawton for the day, pontificating about her "art." But Tupper would have been there in 1850 with a garland and a paper girdle, for he was the type of author who, uncertain of the Bank of Posterity, knows how to cash in on the Contemporary Bank, as so many of the best-sellers of our day know well how to do.

I imagine that Carlyle—and, for that matter, Florence Nightingale—had a much better notion of their own merits—so long unrecognised by the Fountain of Honour—than did Jane Austen; and perhaps Carlyle had Tupper and Helps in mind when he refused a G.C.B., and perhaps the dying Miss Nightingale would have roused herself to greater enthusiasm for her O.M. if she had not already shrewdly assessed the worth of contemporary fame expressed in titles and ribbons.

The Labourer and His Hire.—But there it is. We only have one life on earth, and the labourer is worthy of his hire. It must be a little disappointing to conscious merit to be compelled to wait for the verdict and the garland of cold, remote posterity, and to watch the nimble and the bumptious riding in their carriages and laying down the law even among the nitwit and the commercial tribe of literary pundits.

I don't suppose that death is much more *palatable* in a large airy room than in a stuffy back bedroom; it may be that if you have much to leave behind (and you *can't* take it with you), the business is by so much the more distressing. That was not the view of Sheridan's political detractors. They perpetuated the lie that he died in squalor and in debt. It was quite untrue, but they felt that the lie would give one more turn of the screw to that lifelong victim of jealousy and misrepresentation. Little he cared at the end. He at least took his sheaves with him, carried his triple crown of supreme merit in three spheres to his last resting-place. If the public had not discovered that he was a political phenomenon of his day, an honest politician, they knew (and he knew that they knew) that he was a triple genius in other fields.

Not so Jane Austen. At the most she had a dim awareness that she did her stuff—her tiny ivory panels—as well as any in her day, and for such as she (and indeed for you and me, the humdrum and the uncrowned), the reward that crowns a good day's work in a brief life is not to be denied or underrated. For whether it be a successful speech at a village cricket dinner, or a neatly carpentered house for a dozen hens, or a successful "Heath Robinson" effort at plumbing, the consciousness of success crowns the day and adds to the modest store of personal memories, and assuredly adds confidence to the most modest of self-appraisers.

Trumpet-Major.—In this country I think more than in most our traditional methods of rewarding merit sets the fool's-cap on contemporary judgment. A shameless self-booster in any field, if he give his mind and his energy to the task, can almost certainly secure some degree of material recognition. Once he could buy it, and still he can scream for it until he batters down opposition as the importunate widow did. He finds, of course, later on that the prize is Dead Sea fruit, a step on an endless ladder, a vicious circle. He gets his knighthood and soon enough he pines for a peerage. He batters his way at last into "the Presence," and then he is unhappy if he does not become *ami des rois*.

There is no end to the labour of achieving contemporary recognition and no end to the devices by which you may seek it. Modesty and hatred of publicity were Barrie's alleged characteristics. They gained him an O.M. and a baronetcy; and where are his novels now, and his dreary, whimsical after-dinner speeches? He gave us *Peter Pan* and *Quality Street*, but men less heavily garlanded gave us *Alice* and *The Golden Age*. He had great qualities and a sympathetic and generous nature, but I will wager that Kenneth Grahame was a happier man than Barrie, not only by the accidents of nature and disposition, but by a greater consciousness of merit in his craft. But lesser men than Barrie could dazzle the critics and put the fool's-cap on the British way of rewarding merit in literature. You can pick an example from many a bush. Hugh Walpole may serve. He could not be sure of writing a sentence of prose which would pass the form-master of the middle fourth; his prose is the sloppiest, even among feuilleton writers, but he knew how to write his own blurb. Apart from literature, his virtues and character no doubt deserved recognition. But high character is never rewarded in a material way. The best-seller may be relied on to bring off the best sell.

Posterity blows the gaff in the end; whether the exposure comes too late to hurt the trickster raises a religious controversy into which I am not to be drawn at this moment.

WYCOLLER—A LINK WITH THE BRONTËS: The interests of the hamlet of Wycoller, in a valley below the moors between Haworth and Colne, near the Lancashire-Yorkshire border, are being watched over by a newly-formed society, The Friends of Wycoller. One of their tasks will be to ensure the preservation of the old pack-horse bridge seen on the right of this picture, and also look after the remains of Wycoller Hall, the Ferndean Manor of Jane Eyre. Wycoller lies across the moors from Haworth, and the walk between the two places must have been well known to Emily, who so often roamed the moors round Haworth Parsonage

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It is not too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a gift will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal solution. Each week the new copy will be a fresh reminder of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed: The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1 together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the price of the subscription. Canada £5; Elsewhere abroad £5 5s. (to include the Xmas Number).

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

"CHASING AN ANCIENT GREEK"

Douglas Young, Scholar, Poet, Journalist, and Traveller, Reveals Himself as an Admirable if Exhausting Travel Writer

MR. DOUGLAS YOUNG has been described, or, rather, summed up, by one who knows him in words which make a useful introduction to his book, CHASING AN ANCIENT GREEK (Hollis and Carter. 12s. 6d.). "This redoubtable scholar, poet, journalist, pamphleteer, traveller, linguist and wag must be reckoned as the most effervescent and versatile of his generation in Scotland." For of Scotland, whatever his cosmopolitan interests, he certainly is, and he has been twice in gaol and twice a Parliamentary candidate for his autonomist principles.

The present work is a discursive travel log, in which the connecting thread is his journeying last year in search of the manuscripts of an ancient Greek poet, Theognis. Forty-three of these had been tracked down to various European towns and cities, and with the financial blessing of the University of St. Andrews and the Bank of England, an impressive pair of sponsors, Mr. Young set out *via* Oxford and Paris, to Germany, Holland, Austria and Italy.

His visits to libraries and museums, however, are more briefly described than the thoughts and digressive anecdotes that each city called up, and the longest and liveliest digression of all is stimulated by his stay in Venice, where he lodged in the house of "that æsthetic cad John Ruskin," and also attended the P.E.N. congress, of whose Scottish centre he is secretary. Mr. Young writes sometimes with violence, always with conviction, and occasionally, if a Sassenach may raise his voice, with downright pigheadedness, but he is never dull, even on the subject of cranberries or of municipal government, and to read his writings is at the same time as stimulating and as exhausting as going for a brisk stroll with a Chausseur Alpin in his native mountains.

Some months before Mr. Young took his intellectual whirl round Europe, one M. Kravchenko was suing a French literary journal in one of the liveliest *causes célèbres* of recent times. The paper, he claimed, had published articles in which he was described as a traitor, a rogue and a liar, and, in plebeian terms, he was determined to have the law on them. For this purpose M. Kravchenko travelled to Paris from the United States, where he had been living, and where his book, *I Chose Freedom*, had first been published. Witnesses in the hearing, which lasted for four weeks, were as varied and as spectacular as the atom-scientist Joliot Curie, the Russian General Rudenko, Mr. Zilliacus and the Dean of Canterbury.

KRAVCHENKO VERSUS MOSCOW (Wingate. 15s.) is a report on the case, including a copy of the judgment, which was in Kravchenko's favour without awarding him any great sums of money, and the illustrations are sketches, presumably made in court, of the principal *dramatis personæ*. In his admirably lucid introduction, Sir Travers Humphreys helps the reader to an understanding of the way in which civil actions are conducted under French law, a necessary explanation for those of us who are bewildered by the loud asides, verbal free-for-alls, and interruptions by learned counsel which were a feature of this case at least.

On the whole this report makes good reading, and as for its legal aspect, I can do no better than to quote Sir Travers Humphreys when he writes that "once the shouting and the tumult dies and the court proceeds to consider its decision, there is, I fancy, no great distinction between the French and English methods of arriving at the truth."

The two novels this week are as different from each other as works of fiction can well be, and it is highly unlikely that they could both appeal to the same reader. First of all, Mr. Francis Stuart's book, THE FLOWERING CROSS (Gollancz. 9s.), which like its predecessors has a title with a biblical connotation, and, like them, is written with an intensity that is often overwhelming. The scene this time is neither Germany nor Ireland but, for the most part, England and a London in which riches and poverty are contrasted with a curious and surely unintentional *naïveté*.

The principal character, Louis, comes from British Columbia, *via* a French prison, to a ramshackle studio in a drab London street, where he can work at the sculpture which has until then been the most important thing in his life, although it provides him with no income. But in the prison he has met a girl and in a few snatched and extraordinary moments they have declared their love for each other, and agreed to meet in the outside world. Louis is released first, having been held on suspicion only, and goes to London, where he meets his little doctor friend from Vancouver, and through him, a rich girl who has accused the doctor of robbery and rape.

After this unpromising beginning, Louis and Melanie drift into a half-loving, half-hating relationship, interrupted by Louis' return to France to see the girl whom, he has learned, has been blind from birth; and an extraordinary incident in which he rapes Melanie and then steals a gold cream jug from her, emptying the cream out carefully before pocketing it. Louis and the blind girl live together in the bare studio and in bitter poverty, though in fond companionship, until the day when Louis decides to marry the rich girl, who most improbably agrees, until Louis finally rejects her and goes back to his true love, to his unsuccessful sculptures and to stark poverty.

There are moments in all this when one is captured and held by the force of the writer's feeling, and the conviction and power which he brings to his analysis of his characters' feelings and aspirations, but there are moments, too, and I must confess to them, when there is a threat of bathos not very far away, and when not even the Irish cadences—"Ah, the strange, pure pang that had come to him"—can entirely save the dignity of the book.

HIGHGATE'S ROAD TO FRUSTRATION: Visitors to this place in Highgate North London, pass through the lodge gates, drive up to the front hall and are received by a young man to whom they must state their business. Normally, that is as far as they get. The buildings form part of the headquarters of the Russian trade delegation in England, of whom Nikolai Andrienko is the head. But getting an interview with Mr. Andrienko is as difficult as breaking into the vaults of the Bank of England. 'Phone calls meet with the same response. A woman secretary says politely but firmly: "I 'm sorry, Mr. Andrienko is not available. I do not know if he will be available this afternoon. I cannot tell, because he is not at home. Please ring and make an appointment."

Mrs. Gwenllian Meyrick's novel is altogether a more workaday affair, but since it deals with a situation that many thousands of women know, and is written in the simple and concise terms of everyday life, with scarcely any attempt to invade the dark subconscious, it should have a comfortable success. Even its title, THE MORNING ROOM (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), argues a certain cosiness and a domesticity of theme which is not misleading.

House-hunting after the end of the war, with demobilisation imminent, was and is a familiar problem, and it is with that search that the novel opens. When Laura, the attractive and sensible young wife and mother of the story, finds a suitable house near London, she decides to arrange half of it as living quarters for the cook she has been able to find, and for the cook's daughter, ex-A.T.S., who will travel daily to her London office. The disposition of the rooms seems practical, and the cook and the perky daughter are installed. With her home beginning to run smoothly, and her little sons and daughter settled at their respective schools and kindergartens, Laura feels a natural relief, and begins to plan for the return of her attractive husband, who is none the less casual to the point of selfishness, and talented chiefly as an organiser of his own comfort.

He arrives, is blandly pleased with the house, with Laura and with the three children, but there is a totally unexpected snag. He has known and liked the cook's pretty daughter when they were both in the Forces, and the morning-room, now the staff sitting-room, becomes the focus of his life as much as Laura's carefully planned drawing-room and [illegible]. Add to this the malevolence and the [illegible] possessiveness which Laura discovers in her cook, and you have a situation, [illegible] no doubt, but of human importance, too.

Mrs. Meyrick, in this her first novel, writes with rather too much attention to surface values and shopping lists, and the husband of her creation is little more than a cardboard figure with over-conventional reactions, but the story has a quiet wit and genuine feeling.

Neither the lurid cover, nor the information that over 425,000 copies of the book have been sold in the United States were any encouragement to me in my reading of Mr. F. van Wyck Mason's CUTLASS EMPIRE (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.), but the fact that it dealt with the fabulous career of Henry Morgan, the bold buccaneer captain. This extraordinary figure fought the Spaniards in the Caribbean for the excellent reason that he hated them, and won himself fortunes, and women, too, for the reason that he loved both. His life was spent largely in acts of violence and his loot was prodigious. In the end, he was knighted by Charles II. and appointed Governor of Jamaica, and to this day they talk of him in the Caribbean.

The delicacy of Mr. Francis Scarfe's PROMISES (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is in complete contrast to all this violence of word, deed and humour, but that delicacy should not be confused with a lack of strength. This is the poet's first novel, and it is as realistic and clear-cut as could be wished, for there is no indulgence in cloudy metaphors here, or in any elaboration to the portrait of a little boy at grips with his first tests in an unexpected world.

FORMOSA

THE CHIANG REGIME AND THE ISLAND PARADISE

At a moment when the American Seventh Task Fleet is throwing a protective ring round the island of Formosa, the last bastion of Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang, Jack Belden, who has the reputation of being an able and knowledgeable reporter on Chinese affairs, presents his volume CHINA SHAKES THE WORLD (Victor Gollancz. 21s.). This is a remarkable and at the same time disturbing piece of reporting, on a par with Edgar Snow's book, published between the wars, *Red Star Over China*. The disturbing element lies in the series of revelations which Mr. Belden makes with regard to Chiang's stewardship in Formosa. This oval island, about the size of Holland and lying 100 miles off the coast of China, has had a turbulent history, but apparently all the piracy, banditry and buccaneering which went on there in ancient times are nothing to what Chiang's liberating soldiers and carpet-bagging bureaucrats achieved on Formosa after the Japanese War. Mr. Belden goes as far as to say that what Chiang's regime has done in Formosa is nothing less than a crime against humanity, with rice shortages, cholera epidemics and general corruption casting a deep shadow over the whole life of the people. "This tiny island, when Chiang Kai-shek took it over, was a going concern, only partly damaged by war," Mr. Belden writes. "A few months later it was little more than a prison house, a paradise turned into a Devil's Island." The rest of the book is less spectacular in content. It is really an examination of the basic causes of victory and defeat on the Chinese mainland, of the tide which flowed with increasing strength against Chiang, despite his seemingly all-powerful position after the Japanese War. Those causes, Mr. Belden shows, lay far deeper than any wrong strategy, and they must be studied in detail if the vast Asian problem is to be understood.

Arthur Meeker, a son of Chicago and a novelist of note, has long been absorbed with seventeenth-century France, the majestic events of *le grand siècle*; and, such is his erudition, he knows all about the manners, clothes and customs of the period. His latest book, THE IVORY MISCHIEF (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), is a full-blooded novel of the era of Louis XIV, and it tells the story of two beautiful sisters, Cateau, Comtesse d'Olonne, and Magdelon, Marechale de la Ferté. Neither sister was virtuous, but both had endearing qualities, which, of course, were essential to "careers of gallantry." Mr. Meeker tells his story well. Every character in the novel actually lived in France 300 years ago, and most of the incidents have a solid basis in fact. Mr. Meeker's researches must have been tremendous to reproduce such a volume, and apart from the works of Tallemant des Reaux, Mlle. de Montpensier, Madame de Sévigné and Saint Simon, he has drawn upon several hundred books of reference, mostly of the seventeenth century. It took him three years to plan *The Ivory Mischief* and three years to write it, during which time, he says, "I really breathed and had my being in the Paris of 300 years ago." The result is over 770 pages packed with well-ordered historical fact. There are times when Mr. Meeker's characters are very much alive, as witness the parting scene between Cateau and her unpleasant husband, the Comte d'Olonne, but there are dreary passages, too, and not all the splendours of the Court of Louis XIV, presented with such exactitude of detail, make up for the too often absent human touch.

Compared with Mr. Meeker's seventeenth-century adventure, Doris Leslie's THAT ENCHANTRESS (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), an incursion into eighteenth-century Court life and politics in England, has hardly less historical background and is much more effective in its portrayal of character. *That Enchantress* is the story of Abigail Hill, the girl whom Sarah Duchess of Marlborough "raised from the dust," who eventually out-rivalled her for the favour of Queen Anne, and who, indeed, became the power behind the English throne during vital years in the history of Europe.

Seton Gordon, in AFOOT IN THE HEBRIDES (Country Life Ltd. 30s.), has written an admirable survey of the islands, which he illustrates with photographs taken by himself and his wife. Seton Gordon rallies to the defence of the islanders, who, in a recent book by another author, were the subject of criticism as regards both morals and sobriety.

Another volume for the traveller is W. A. Poucher's LAKELAND SCRAPBOOK (Chapman and Hall. 25s.), which has 141 photographs by the author. This is Mr. Poucher's fifth book on Lakeland, and his portrayal of the Crags, Dales, and Cairns has never been more skilful.

THE PUBLIC AND PREPARATORY SCHOOLS YEAR BOOK (A. and C. Black. 15s.) now makes its appearance for 1950, the sixty-first year of publication. It remains an indispensable guide to the schools, and the part of the book dealing with careers is also a vital source of information.

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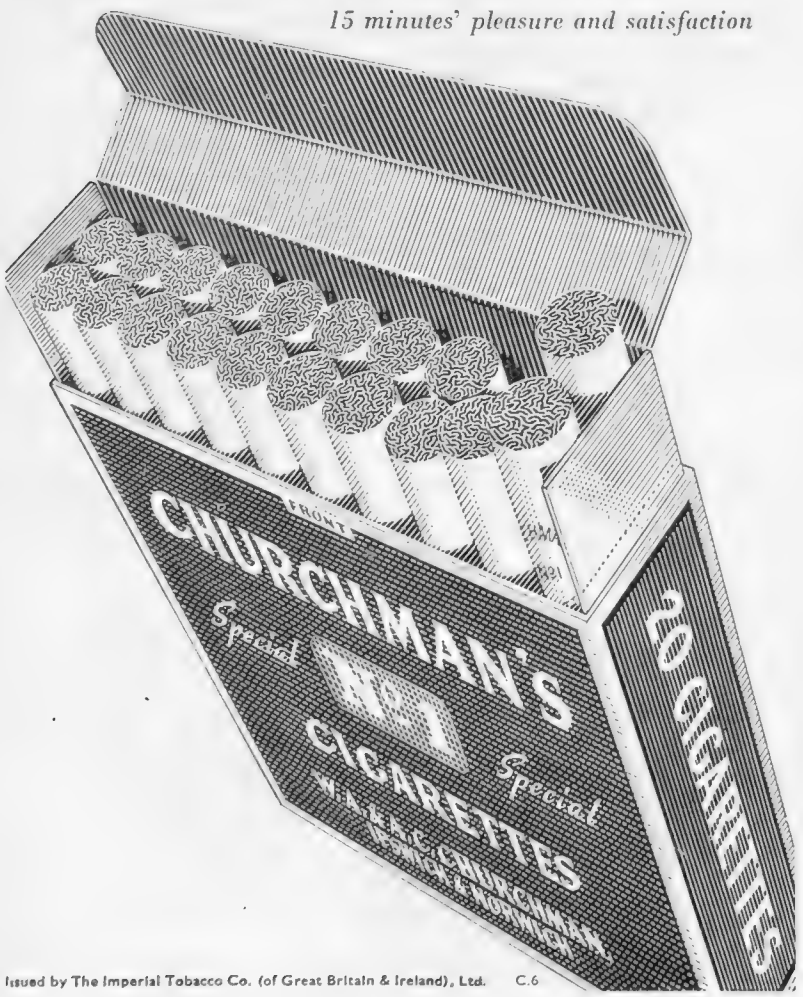

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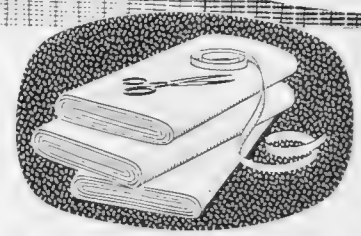

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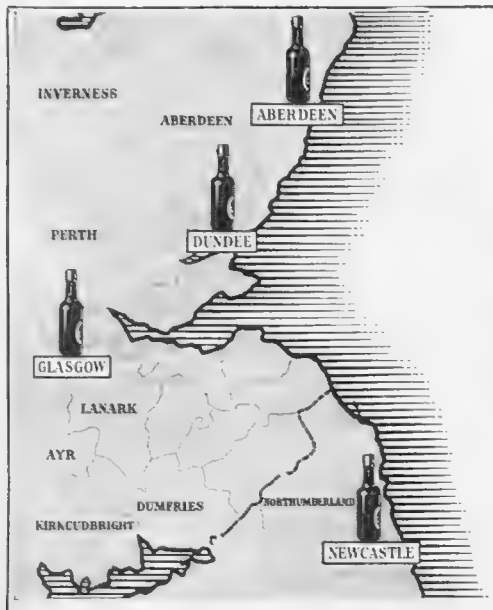

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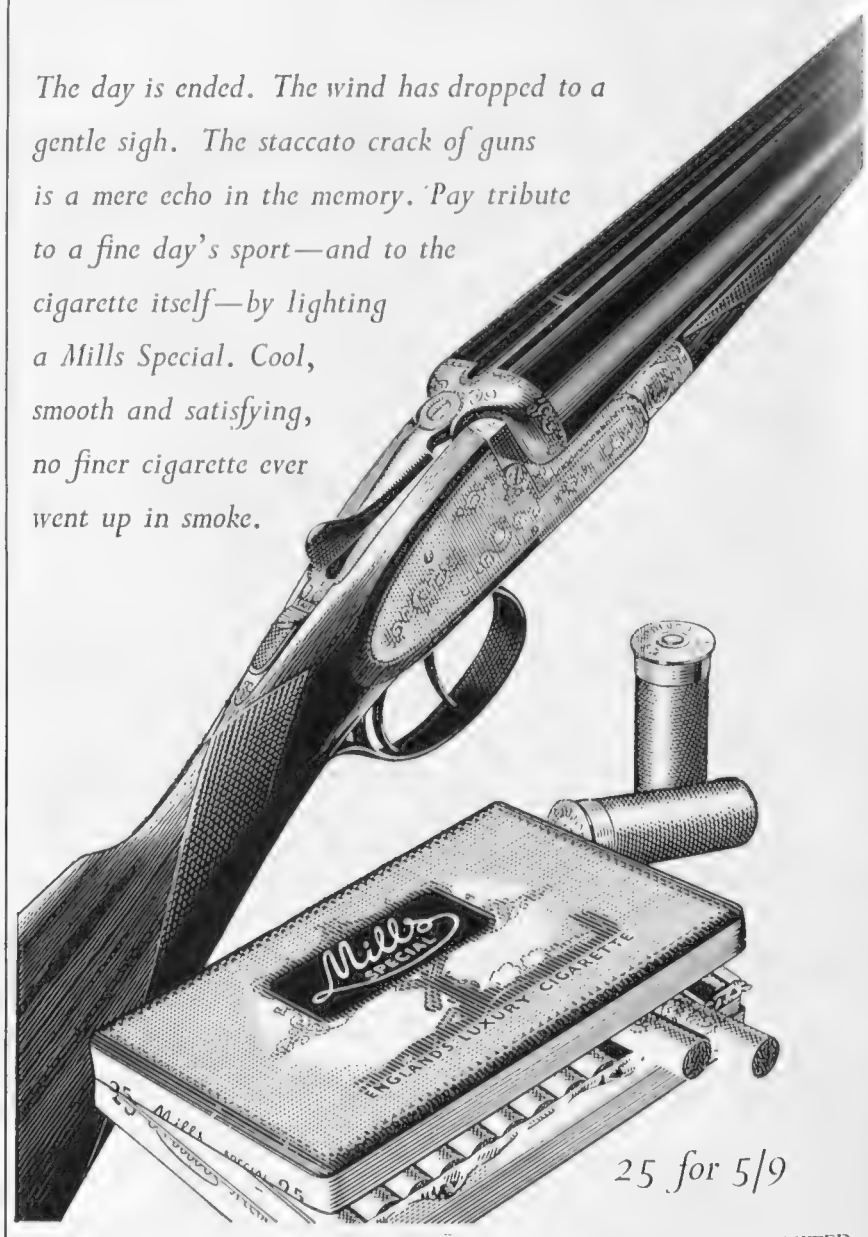

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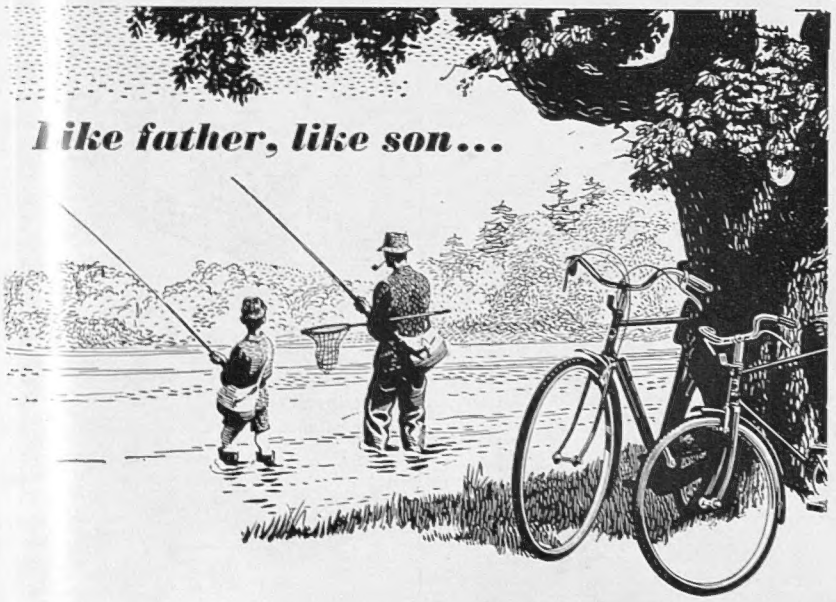

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1 SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 23, 1950. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.